WAYSIDE
POEMS

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WAYSIDE POEMS.

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

WAYSIDE POEMS.

The wide expanse its harvests yields,
Though some glean corners of the fields,
And join the harvest song;
The gardens fragrant are of flowers,
Which deck the overhanging bowers,
And strew the paths along.

Neglected corners sometimes grow
The heads of grain, where we may go
And glean a goodly sheaf;
And in by-paths and by way-side,
Are flowers blooming in their pride,
As if of flowers chief.

In open fields where poets throng
They gather there their sheaves of song,
Which coming ages sing;
But in the corners now and then
Some gleaners of a lesser kin
Some simple sheaf may bring.

The flowers which in gardens bloom
Disperse the otherwise dark gloom,
Make all around seem gay;
But flowers which sometimes we meet
As lovely bloom just at our feet
Along the common way.

In fields and gardens rich and fair
The poet gathers garlands rare;
And though no garlands mine,
Some simple flower may be brought
From way-side, when by them unsought,
Some garland to entwine.

PROLOGUE.

CAGE THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG

The bird, when caged, will sweetly sing,
As when it soared on joyous wing,
And joined the choral melodies
With sweet resoundings through the skies.
You may the bird encage meanwhile,
Subject it to a durance vile;
And yet 'twill blithesome notes prolong,
You cage the singer, not the song.

No bars of cage can song confine,
For like the truth is song divine,
And none can bars or fetters find
Which either truth or song can bind.
In grove or cage, on land or sea,
As free as air song floats as free.
The song the singer outlives long,
You cage the singer, not the song.

The song-birds sing in souls of some,
To souls of others never come;
And soul where song is never heard
Is like the cage without the bird.
But where within their notes they raise,
Their life becomes a psalm of praise,
E'en though encaged, sing sweet and strong,
You cage the singer, not the song

Birds sing within the prison cell
Where sickness, want and sorrow dwell;
When you admit them anywhere
They sing their songs of gladness there.
And in the soul these songs abide,
Though cage and singer cast aside;
From soul to soul they pass along,
You cage the singer not the song.

DEDICATION.

TO E. E. EDWARDS SMITH

My Devoted Wife

WHOSE APPRECIATION OF EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL AND GOOD HAS BEEN

AN INCENTIVE AND INSPIRATION TO ALL OF MY BEST THOUGHTS AND DEEDS, IS THIS VOLUME

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR

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WAYSIDE POEMS.

RELIGIOUS.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

WHEN earth was but young, as on nothing it hung,
And darkness pervaded the deep,
No glimmering star sent its beams from afar,
No sun lit the way it should keep.

Then high on His throne, Jehovah alone
Did utter it, "Let there be light;"
Through gates of the morn, the Day King was born,
And morning stars sang at the sight.

Now bright to the world is the banner unfurled
Of Him who is ruler on high,
And listening, one hears the sweet music of spheres,
As wheeling their way through the sky.

Oh, who can portray night fleeing away,
A world being flooded with light,
The veil is drawn by, darkly shrouding the sky,
And noon blazing full on the night.

Than that natal morn, more dark and forlorn
Is the moral night shutting us in ;
Man, fitted to be ever happy and free,
In chaos of darkness and sin.

But Bethlehem's Star, has been shining afar,
At midnight illuming the sky,
And brighter its beams, as on Calvary seen,
When veil rends in twain from on high.

This sun pours its rays in meridian blaze,
And moral night hastens away,
With rays all divine then forever shall shine,
The light of a glorious day.

THE WORD OF GOD A SUN.

THE word of God, a noon-day sun,
Beyond the stars its course begun,
And thrown into the world's dark night,
Has lighted fires on mountain height,
To signal from this earthly clod
The far eternal hills of God.

On beacon heights its *watch-fires* glow,
To hills and valleys far below;
Its *camp-fires* blaze against the sky,
Where human progress passes by;
Its *headland light* is far unfurled,
It is the *head-light* of the world.

It lights the torch by which we go
Through dungeons dark, and haunts of woe;
It shows the footsteps they have trod
Who found the pathway back to God;
A lamp to guide the feet aright,
And light to make the pathway bright.

New light breaks forth from age to age,
New glories gild the sacred page,
When with true hearts we come to learn,
And with the spirit to discern;
When, opening shutters, we begin
To let more light come streaming in.

THE CHRYSALIS.

ONE day a chrysalis was found
Suspended to a leaf;
A little worm forth from the ground
Whose earthly life was brief,
A tiny shroud itself had made
And in its grave itself had laid.

We passed again and there a shell
Deserted, empty lay,
And this was all there left to tell
Of what we saw that day;
The creeping worm which seemed to die
Emerged with wings of butterfly.

Thus, it is lost, a creeping thing,
Into the grave's dark night;
But it from thence on gorgeous wing
Emerges into light;
Henceforth it greets the shining sun,
Has its completest life begun.

So we are "worms", as born to earth,
To grovel and to die;
Are creatures of ignoble birth
Who in the grave must lie;
From dust of earth the body came
And back to earth we give the same.

We lay the body 'neath the sod
And earth reclaims its own,
The soul has winged its flight to God
To dwell before the throne;
For body time metes out its day,
But soul takes wings and flies away.

WINGS.

O WINGS, O wings!" such tiny things!
What need have such as you for wings

In your dark world consigned to dwell,
Shut up within your prison shell?
Behold, we looked, and there one day
The birdling's house in ruins lay;
And bird on wings away had flown
To claim the azure fields its own;
Then knew what use these tiny things,
When bird is chirping, "Wings, O wings!"

Within the shell the birdling's wings
Are prophecies of grander things,
When it shall leave its narrow home
In larger fields henceforth to roam,
To soar above, and upward fly,
Henceforth its home the broad blue sky,
And join the winged choir which sings
In azure heights, "O wings, O wings!"

The soul has wings, not tiny things;
It sings within, "O wings, O wings!"
Its fetters will not always bind,
Its fuller freedom it will find,
Its aspirations lift it high,
Its hopes reach far above the sky,
Anticipations and desires
Of larger realms which it requires,
Are prophecies that soul shall be
Released to immortality;
Are wings which unto souls are given
To wing their way from earth to heaven.

THE "IMPOSSIBLE."

"The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God." — *Luke* xviii: 27.

WHEN tale of brick was doubled, Moses came,
In strength of only one eternal Name,
By which the sea divides at touch of rod,
For there are no impossibles with God.

The crisis reached, nor left e'en hope forlorn;
It's then that always are God's happenings born,
For something surely happens grand, sublime,
As God's events keep pace with march of time.

Extremities and times of helpless need
To God are opportunities indeed;
Man's "cannot be," and, "all is come to nought,"
Is when God's greatest, grandest things are wrought.

God's purpose moves at His commanding will,
Though storm and rage and wreck the world may fill;
Disaster and defeat pertain to man,
And not to God's all-comprehensive plan.

Man's endings are where God begins anew,
Where thrones are set which rule the ages through;
The pendulum to us moves to and fro,
But in God's plan must ever forward go.

Man, under sin's appalling, awful doom,
Without one ray of hope amid the gloom;
Then One appears who could for sin atone,
And by the cross uplift unto the throne.

We fly to Him in danger or distress,
With whom extremes are special times to bless;
Seas shall divide, and all our bondage end,
When Moses comes, whom God shall surely send.

"*RESIGN THE HELM TO GOD.*"

OFT' times on troubled seas we sail,
Through tempests wild, and wind and gale,
Where billows overwhelm;
'Tis then the pilot takes command,
And we but trust his steady hand,
To him resign the helm.

We cannot calm the stormy sea,
Nor find a path by which to flee,
At mercy of the wave;
E'en then we quietly repose
Our confidence in one who knows,
The pilot's hand to save.

And when by life's wild tempests toss'd,
And all seems given up for lost,

E'en then we'll not repine;
For faith discerns a pilot near,
To quiet doubt, dispell our fear;
To God the helm resign.

We cannot guide our bark at will;
Nor bid the tempest to be still;
Nor wield a magic rod;
But One keeps watch above his own,
Along the paths to us unknown;
Resign the helm to God.

RICH BECOMING POOR.

THE bird of the air has its nest,
The foxes have holes in the ground,
But place for the Saviour to rest
Nowhere in the world could be found.

Though coming from palace of God,
As one of our kindred and race,
His feet thorny pathways have trod,
In sorrow His foot-prints we trace.

They gave Him a cross, not a throne,
Who came to redeem and to save;
Though heaven and earth were His own,
They borrowed a place for His grave.

None ever was rich as was He,
In mansions and glories above,

Or poorer than He came to be —
The wonder of infinite love.

Then why should I murmur or pine,
Whatever my earthly lot be?
If Jesus the Saviour is mine,
Why fare any better than He?

Than make others poor by my gain,
Far better enrich the world's poor,
Not gainers but sufferers reign —
These enter the wide-open door.

CHRIST AS SAVIOUR.

CHRIST Jesus came to seek and save,
From His intrinsic being,
Not merely that the boon we crave,
Or bliss of saints foreseeing;
He, sent of God, a Saviour, came
His inner nature to proclaim.

The sun, because it is the sun,
Is therefore ever shining.
The better Sun, His course begun,
A truer light divining,
Not just illumes our darkened night,
But is Himself our brighter light.

The flower, because it is the flower,
We see in beauty blooming;

And Christ the Lord revealed with power
O'er sin, the world entombing,
Himself is like to Sharon's rose,
All grace and beauty here repose.

Song birds, because song birds, they sing,
They are not taught their singing;
So, too, when "songs of glagness" ring
Which joy to men are bringing,
As age to age shall pass along,
Christ is Himself the world's glad song.

If saving men were just a task,
And not His native craving,
He might be weary when we ask,
Or cease the work of saving;
But now He measures not the cost,
Himself is Saviour of the lost.

ABIDING LOVE.

THOUGH unrequited was His love,
Which Christ brought down from heaven above
Among His own, unsought,
Where works of grace He wrought,
And truth divine He taught,
And proffered love they met with hate,
That love to them did not abate.

He came to earth, the Prince of Peace,
To weary souls to bring release,
But in His world forlorn,
To grief and sorrow born,
They Him received with scorn.
His goodness with reproach they pay,
And yet His love turns not away.

He healed their sick and raised their dead,
They gave no place to lay His head;
His Sonship they disclaim,
Deride His holy name,
Put Him to open shame.
Yet their reproaches He withstood,
And went about to do them good.

And when they thought, by treatment ill.
To thwart the purpose of His will,
His doing good arrest,
And even Him molest,
And be no longer blest,
He still with pity in His eye
Now turns away for them to die.

He struggled up the rugged hill,
Love's sacred mission to fulfil,
And gave His life to save,
Who never to Him gave
So much as e'en a grave;
Though all to Him ungrateful prove,
For them abides unchanging love.

SMITTEN ROCKS.

WHEN the rock was once smitten by Moses of old,
Then to Israel flowed, more precious than gold,
The glad stream which leaped forth to the touch of his rod,
Like the waters of life or the river of God;
And they clung in the hour of their thirst and their need
To the rock which was smitten for blessings indeed.

Thus when Calvary's Rock, to humanity's need,
Had been smitten for us and for Adam's lost seed,
Then the fountain was opened which flowed from that day
For washing and cleansing our sins all away;
And the River of Life from the cleft that was riven
Is still flowing for those who are longing for heaven.

We must smite the great deep if its treasures unfold,
And the mountains to yield us their treasures of gold;
E'en the flower must be smitten, rich perfume to yield,
And the sap trickles down smitten trees of the field;

So the Rock of the Ages is smitten, and then
Are the fountains of life ever flowing for men.

So, too, hearts, like the rock, they are callous
and cold,
And they smitten must be if their treasures
unfold;
When repentance and sorrow have cleft a way
through,
Then the waters of life may be flowing for you.
For the Rock which was smitten your path
will attend,
A perennial fountain, in you to the end,
And now, he who would never more famish
and die,
To the Rock of the Ages may evermore fly.

THE ROCK THAT BEARS.

IT bears, my feet are holding fast,
And danger now is overpast;
From floating plank and spar and mast,
I'm safely on the Rock at last.
I struggled hard against the wave,
From sinking to a sea-girt grave,
Was held in Death's relentless snares,
Until I reached "*the Rock that bears.*"

Life's sea is full of floating wreck;
Just yonder floats some little speck;

And floundering in the deep abyss,
To keep afloat we cling to this;
But still we float and often sink,
And find but planks where rocks we think;
And, oh, the joy naught else compares,
When we have reached "*the Rock that bears.*"

The soul has perils every hour,
Is driven and tossed by tempest power;
Is only safe, 'mid tempest shock,
Clinging to an *Eternal Rock.*
This "Rock of Ages" stands secure,
So long as life or time endure.
Oh, may my soul, when time is past,
Be on "*the Rock that bears*", at last.

IT LIFTETH ME.

DENY thyself, and take thy cross,
The great Cross-bearer spake;
No one shall ever suffer loss
If he My yoke shall take.

He bore the weight of woe and grief,
All burdens thou hast known,
And in His cross is found relief
For burdens like our own.

When sorrows whelm, and hearts are sad,
And heavy is our night,

The burden of the cross we add,—
All burdens then are light.

To me the cross so great appeared
It lifted could not be;
I vowed to lift, but not as feared,
Behold! it lifted me!

I bear the cross that lifteth me,
Then all my sorrow sings,
And duty by the cross we see
Has weights, but also wings.

To this dear cross of Christ I'll fly
When e'en the body dies,
And it shall lift me up on high
Transported to the skies.

SEEING THE INVISIBLE.

BEYOND the farthest realms of space
Which mortal eyes descry,
Far regions fair in loveliness
To spirit visions lie;
The realms no telescope can find,
As boundless as the reach of mind.

Just at our feet in common paths
Are deeps no plummets sound;
And problems there where'er we turn

Through which no way is found;
But into realms beneath, o'erhead
Are we by spirit vision led.

We see the fountain, not its source,
Effects, but not their cause,
See not the moving force behind
All universal laws;
Not mind, but love interprets love,
And soul, not sense, knows God above.

The things unseen are, after all,
The things which are most real,
For all things seen must pass away
And share earth's common weal;
But things unseen shall time outlast,
When all terrestrial things are past.

Be mine the inner sight, which looks
Beyond the bounds of sense,
Beholding things invisible,
The soul's bright recompense,
Through scenes of time, the things to see
Of heaven and eternity.

Be mine the vision uneclipsed
By any darkened night
Which sees through doubts, and griefs, and fears,
With unbeclouded sight:
Along the distant, untried way,
The vision of eternal day.

THE ARMS OF MY SAVIOUR.

I FLEE to the arms of my Saviour,
From folly, temptation, and sin,
His arms are extended in mercy
To take a poor wanderer in;

His arms of compassion upbore me,
When sinking beneath the rough wave,
Though storm and the tempest may rock me,
His arms are extended to save.

When mountains and cliffs rise above me,
And deep may ring out their alarms;
When help not another affords me,
He carries me safe in His arms.

When darkness and night gather round me,
E'en death shall not bring me dismay,
Across the dark river He'll bear me,
To Mansions which never decay.

TAKE ME BY THE HAND.

TAKE me by the hand, my Father,
For I do not know the way,
Night shades round me thickly gather
Hold me else I go astray;
Many are the ills betiding
Those who tread the way alone,

Many are the foes conspiring
I would make Thy ways mine own.

Toilsome is the way I'm treading,
Hard and rough the drizzly night,
Heavy are the mists o'erspreading,
And my home is out of sight;
When I'm death's dark valley nearing,
And approach the untried land,
With the judgment day appearing,
Take, O take me by the hand.

THE HAND THAT LIFTS ME.

WHEN the mountains of sin rose above me,
And I could not seek its bleak hights,
Its dark shadows were falling upon me,
And gathering the blackness of night;
Then a Hand took me over the mountains
To my home which was far out of sight;

When I sank in the horrible dungeon,
That horrible pit where I lay,
When the terrors of death were upon me
And nothing my fears could allay,
Then a Hand underneath me upbore me
To the brightness and gladness of day.

When I'm sinking in death's gloomy river,
And down in the surges I lie,

Then this Hand is extended to rescue,
And lift to my home in the sky,
'Tis the Hand of my Saviour that takes me,
And will lift me to dwell upon high.

Unto Him Who thus graciously saves me,
From sorrow and sadness and sin,
I will cling and in love He shall bring me
Where never a sorrow has been,
And where He at the door will be waiting
To lift me a poor wanderer in.

THE LAMB IN THE MIDST OF THE THRONE.

JUDGMENT profound His ways surround
Whose throne is built on high,
Justice severe and truth appear
There throned within the sky.
Still we approach, the sceptre own
For there's a Lamb amidst the throne.

His thunders awe, His holy law
Presages fearful doom;
His awful might spreads pall of night
From cradle to the tomb.
But law and might are not alone—
A Lamb is there amidst the throne!

The guilt of sin our curse has been
To sink us in despair;

But God in love who rules above
Assures of blessings there.
He makes to us His mercy known —
Now there's a Lamb amidst the throne.

Now truth divine and love incline
To greet the fallen race;
The way to God by faith is trod,
And we may seek His face;
The Lamb once slain, will sin atone —
And this the Lamb amidst the throne!

This love supreme is heaven's theme,
While God is Sov'reign, King;
Love saves the lost, it pays the cost,
The saints to glory bring.
With heaven's throng in joy we own
The Lamb once slain now on the throne.

IN MY HAMMOCK.

IN my hammock, stretched under the trees,
I swing restfully fanned by the breeze,
And quiet steals into my breast;
With spirit tired, weary and worn,
And body with cares overborne,
I swing me here safely to rest.
For the ends of the hammock are fast,
And their holdings securely are claspt.

In faith's hammock my restless soul swings,
Till in restfulness sweetly it sings;
Here under God's sheltering care,
Where cords of His love interlace,
Which close me within their embrace,
His peace and contentment I share,
In faith's hammock which stretches across
With ends fast to the Throne and the Cross.

THE UPLIFTED VISION.

Psalm cxxi., 1.

I WILL lift up mine eyes to the hills,"
The eternal hills of God,
Where Omnipotence fixes His camp
And angel feet have trod,
And where treasures unfailing abound,
As streams to Moses' rod.

To the hills "from whence cometh my help,"
Whence all our blessings flow,
As exhaustless as storehouse of God,
In gifts which they bestow;
Which are ever sent down from their heights,
To cheer the plains below.

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills,"
Your promise will not fail;
Ye perpetual mercies distil
To dwellers in the vale,

And your clefts will a refuge afford,
Whenever foes assail.

Their is rest and repose in your shade,
Where down the weary lie,
And your streams they refreshing impart
To valleys parched and dry;
But for which both the fields and the flocks
Would wither, parch and die.

Ye lift up the low lands on your side,
Else desert they would be;
Ye hold back the cold blasts which sweep down
From out the Northern sea,
To condense the cloud mists overhead,
To scatter rain drops free.

I now "lift up mine eyes to the hills";
Not always thus 'twill be,
For sometimes to the hills far above,
From low lands I shall flee,
And shall dwell in the height of the hills,
Which now by faith I see.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Psalm cxxx : 1.

"OUT of the depths," deep and so profound,
That line and plummet cannot sound,
With yawning chasms dark and deep,

Whose ragged walls are rough and steep,
Where I abandoned, helpless lie,
From depths, "O Lord, to Thee I cry."

The waves and billows o'er me roll,
To overwhelm my sinking soul,
With gulfs beneath, and floods o'erhead,
When heart is faint, and hope has fled,
Here I am given up to die —
Except as unto Thee I cry.

The deeps of sorrow open wide,
And I've no refuge where to hide;
I'm sinking in a darkened night,
Not e'en a star appears in sight —
On nothing now can I rely,
But simply, Lord, to Thee I cry.

The depths of sin, a fearful deep,
No place secure to plant my feet —
A dungeon drear, where souls are bound,
To which no bottom hath been found —
Thou only, Lord, canst rescue me,
And from these depths I cry to Thee.

Death's deeps are deeper than the grave,
From which no human power can save;
No sound floats back to human ears,
Nor reaches us to quell our fears;
All human powers will death defy,
And unto Thee, O Lord, I cry.

No depths so deep but Thou canst hear,
And to my cry art always near,
My anguish Thou hast caused to cease,
From deepest depths brought sweet release,
From all these deeps hast set me free,
When from the depths I cried to Thee.

"*THE SCARLET LINE IN THE WINDOW.*"

THE Scarlet line in the window was bound
By "Rahab the harlot" of old,
Who when, by the spies she concealed;
Their purpose to her was revealed,
Espousing their cause, she was told,
This sign and seal, to the faith they had found,
Should be a wall of protection around.

The Scarlet line in the window, is seen
A sign for the ages gone by,
Wherever the altar is reared,
Where God has been loved, or been feared;
In tent and the temple we spy;
The Scarlet line, which has evermore been
To earth and heaven the signal between.

From Calvary, till the ages decline,
That Scarlet line signals the earth;
The sign which was set to the world
Of grace and of mercy unfurled
Of love which in heaven had birth,

And yet which here at humanity's shrine
Was man's best heaven-sent offering divine.

By Scarlet line in the window, should we
Now signal our friends and our foes,
Of faith in Christ Jesus the Son,
Our seal to the crucified One,
Though demons and men may oppose;
The sign that His we shall evermore be
Who lives and reigns to His people set free.

SHADOWS.

SHADOWS obscure lofty heights of the mountains,
They fall across the deep valleys below.
Over our paths through the fields and by fountains,
Passing through shadows, wherever we go.

Never a home, where no shadows are resting.
Where there was never a sorrow or pain.
Never a heart but some grief is distressing,
Shadows have fallen again and again.

Hopes are oft blighted, and lone and forsaken,
Day has no sun, and night not a star,
Friends we have loved from us have been taken,
Many a mound casts its shadows afar.

But, on our pathway, though shadows are falling,
Mists settle down and our visions obscure,
Yet, through the mists silent voices are calling,
Out from the realm of the blest and the pure.

E'en through the shadows a form is appearing,
Born of a glory which streams from above;
Shadows are lifting, the morning is nearing,
Brightness is dawning of infinite love.

Morning shall rise with no shadow or sadness,
E'en from death's valley shall mists roll away,
Out from the shadows, to sunshine of gladness,
We shall emerge to the unclouded day.

THE STORM.

HARK! the distant thunders roll,
Blackness darkly drapes the sky,
King Æolus takes control,
Dashing angry billows high;
Ocean heaves, and heavens quake;
Terrors wake from far and near,
Boding dangers such as make
Bravest hearts to quail with fear.

Storm in fury bursts at last
With terrific cannonade,
Thunderbolts are flying fast,
Deep is calling deep to aid;

Waves are dashing mad with rage,
Tempests sweep the deep at will;
Only He can now assuage
Who commands the waves be still.

'Mid the crash of tempest's power,
Terror strikes each soul with dread;
All that's left for such an hour—
Deeps beneath and God o'erhead;
Now the billows o'er them roll,
While the tempest wafts the cry:
"Jesus refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

PEACE, BE STILL!

IN the tempest of life, when the mad billows rage,
And are toss'd by the might no power can assuage.
When the storm-spirit seems over all to prevail;
And we ride our frail bark in the teeth of the gale,
Even then there's a voice which commands to "be still,"
And the winds and the waves own His sovereign will.

When deep calleth to deep in the depths of the soul,
All the waves and the billows may over us roll;

If through darkness and gloom shall appear the weird form
Of the angel of night on the wings of the storm,
Even then there's a voice which commands to "be still,"
And the winds and the waves own His sovereign will.

When without us foundations upheave and are toss'd,
When our hopes have been wreck'd and all seems to be lost,
When dark, ominous clouds come to blacken the sky,
And the billows are lifting their crested waves high,
Even then there's a voice which commands to "be still,"
And the winds and the waves own His sovereign will.

When the billows which beat on eternity's shore,
Which are heaving and surging and toss'd evermore,
E'en the billows of death around us shall surge,
They shall never my soul, no, no, never submerge,
For e'en then there's a voice which commands to "be still,"
And these winds and these waves own His sovereign will.

THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BRIGHTLY beams the bow of promise,
O'er the land and o'er the the main.
Telling of the Father's favor,
That the floods ne'er come again.

Lo, it arches heaven o'er us,
See it stretch from zone to zone,
And then circling far above us,
Is the rainbow round the throne.

Oh! thou bow of gorgeous beauty,
Spanning storm and tempest wild,
Thou proclaimest peace and mercy,
God and sinners reconciled.

Thou art heaven's shining trophy
To the tempest-tossed unfurled,
An emblazoned crown of glory,
God's own banner to the world.

Thou dost span the deep dark river.
To our home in heaven above,
So that we cross safely under
This triumphal arch of love.

THE PROMISE PAVED WAY.

LEAD me, O my Father, lead me,
O'er the promise-paved way,

Which thy precious Word has told me
Leads into the golden day;
Snares beset my footsteps ever,
Dangers lurk turn where we may,
But our footsteps falter never
In the promise-paved way.

Tiny footsteps need not linger,
For we hear the Saviour say,
"Suffer such," then bring them nearer
Unto Him who is "The Way,"—
Bring us in life's early morning,
E'er too far we go astray;
And establish all our going
In thy promise-paved way.

When temptations fierce assail us,
When our day is dark and drear,
With no other hand to help us,
Let Thy friendly aid be near—
When we come to death's dark river,
Then all doubt and fear allay,
Bring us to Thy rest forever
O'er thy promise-paved way.

"SHOES OF IRON AND BRASS."

GIVE me the shoes of iron and brass
Such as to Asher given,
For rocky steeps and mountain pass

Upheaved and thunder riven.
Not "silver slippers" can be worn
And press such ragged way,
Else mangled, bleeding, fainting, torn,
We helpless, hopeless lay.

Though rough and thorny paths be mine,
If feet are shod secure,
Our shoes will all the brighter shine
For roughness we endure.
From flinty rocks will strike the fire
To light each rocky hold,
We weary not, nor faint, nor tire
For shoes will ne'er wax old.

The path of life not often lies
Through flow'ry beds of ease,
Nor are we carried to the skies
By some propitious breeze.
By crags and peaks we onward plod,
With thorns to pierce and goad;
Yet falter not with feet well shod
For hardness of the road.

PATHWAY OF STARS.

THE stars seem a pathway, by angel feet trod,
From realms of the earth to the throne of our God,

Are footsteps of glory — a radiant way —
From darkness of night to effulgence of day.

We sometimes have wished, 'mid the world's
cold and drear,
This pathway of angels reached down to us
here,
And loosed from the earth, from its fetters and
bars,
To go to yon heaven by this pathway of stars.

But why should I wish such a pathway were
mine?
For stars all about us effulgently shine
To unclouded eyes, and with vision most bright,
Illume all the way through the gloom of the
night.

Each promise of God is a star in our sky,
To pave all the way to our heaven on high,
They shine on our path through all darkness
and gloom,
E'en light the dark valley of death and the tomb.

For us they're a pathway lit up by our God,
Inviting as ever by angel feet trod,
Let down to the cot of the humblest below,
By which to the throne of the Highest we go.

THE REWARD OF FAITH.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Matt.* XXV: 21.

WELL done, faithful servant, the Master will say
To those who through life till the close of its day,
Have watched and have waited His message to know,
And then at His bidding been ready to go.

They who have been faithful in little, as such,
Are crowned by the Saviour as rulers of much;
And crowns which the Lord who is righteous, will give,
Are waiting for those who shall faithfully live.

He who when the harvests are already white
Shall then with the reapers in reaping delight,
Will back from the harvests come, bringing his sheaves
And share such reward as the faithful receives.

He who in "the good fight of faith" shall be found
A victor, will be with the faithful ones crowned:
For him who is pressing through life to the prize
A "crown of life" waits to be his when he dies.

"*UNDER THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS.*"

UNDER His sheltering wings, as spread
Over each faithful servant's head,
They safe shall rest;
Never can harm, awake, asleep,
Come to the saints whom God shall keep,
Divinely blest.

Never the pestilence, by night,
Never destruction's noontide blight,
Shall here invade;
Never shall sun, nor moon here smite,
Those who of God are His delight,
He is their shade.

Rest and repose to them He brings,
Who shall abide beneath His wings,
No danger there;
He shields against incoming foes,
He safely guards from earthly woes,
For them will care.

Under His wings, above we soar
Where surging ills disturb no more,
We mount, we rise,
Lifted on high, the soul now sings
God's woundrous grace, O wings, O wings,
Beyond the skies.

"*UPHOLD ME, SPIRIT FREE.*"

Psalm li : 12.

THE caged bird in its prison confined
Frets and chafes that release it may find,
And when freed will on joyous wings fly
To its kindred and home in the sky.
So the spirit in bondage remains,
Till from bondage it freedom regains;
Then heavenward joyously sings,
As untrammeled as bird on its wings.

Flame unloosed, ascending from earth,
Seeks its kinship of heavenly birth;
Since it upward is born to aspire,
Takes it wings to rise higher and higher.
So the spirit, as born from above,
Will not seek 'mid the earthly to rove;
It is born like the flame to arise,
And on wings to ascend to the skies.

May my spirit, above earthly things,
Not have given it fetters, but wings
Like the bird which its freedom hath found,
Like the flame which can never be bound.
May the Father of spirits have care,
And watch over me everywhere;
'Tis to thee, gracious Father, I flee
With the prayer, "*Uphold me, spirit free.*"

"THE WINGS OF A DOVE."

OH, that I had the wings of a dove!
I would fly to the land that I love,
And be at rest;
There are the summer lands,
There are the angel bands,
With whom the Saviour stands
Among the blest.

Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!
I would fly to the mansions above,
And be at home;
There are no sighs nor pain,
No grief shall come again,
For us shall rest remain,
No more to roam.

But the spirit already has wings,
And above all terrestrial things
May upward rise;
It is not born we know,
To grovel here below,
But toward heaven go,
Its paradise.

Since my spirit has wings I will fly
To the place of my rest which is nigh,
The spirit's home.
To bring yon heaven near,
We fly to heaven here,

Where now it doth appear
The kingdom come.

Tired spirits and weary may come,
And in Jesus find rest and a home,
Till ills are o'er;
The spirit, seeking rest,
May fly to Jesus' breast,
And be supremely blest,
Forevermore.

TORCH-BEARERS.

TORCH-BEARERS, lift your torches high,
And let them blaze against the sky,
Let them illume the darkened mind,
And henceforth shine for all mankind.

The torches lit from heaven's flame,
They blazen forth the glad acclaim
That joy has come to this world's night,
And earth awakes to new-born light.

The torch of truth in heaven's name,
Which love has kindled into flame,
Will light the deeps, and shine afar,
Beyond the reach of sun and star.

To caverns dark and deeps of woe,
The sunlight, starlight never go;
By torches lit from Sun Divine
Shall light to them be made to shine —

The heathen groping in the night,
The men benighted seeking light,
Should us incite with torch in hand
To compass both the sea and land —

Your torches feed, let flames increase
Till all from darkness find release,
And flame of torch not fade away
Till lost into eternal day.

"*THE BROOK IN THE WAY.*"

Psalm cx : 7.

"HE shall drink of the brook in the way,"
As it glides from the hills through the vale,
With its rippling of waters which play
To the music of woodland and dale;
With the sunshine and shade in its breast,
Giving thirsty ones solace and rest.

"He shall drink of the brook in the way,"
Not of brooklets already gone by,
For none ever their thirst can allay
Of the brooks where they now are run dry.

And it's better, the brook just at hand,
Than the RIVERS OF SOME distant land.

"He shall drink of the brook in the way."
The best blessings are those in our path,
Not far over the mountains away,
Not the blessings one craves, but one hath.
Of the past and the future we think,
Save of BROOK IN THE WAY may we drink.

"He shall drink of the brook in the way,"
Even streams in the desert shall flow.
They come into our life day by day,
And we all their refreshing may know,
Till we drink with life's pilgrimage o'er,
From the RIVER OF LIFE evermore.

THE BEST I CAN.

WHEN springtime comes, to clothe with green
The earth, with grass and flowers between,
What if the flower and blade of grass
Should say, I naught can bring to pass,
I'll not be miss'd in garden plot
Much less in boundless acre lot?

Not thus the grass and flowers conclude,
Their noble mission to elude;
Each to their mission firm and true

Resolve the best they can to do —
So carpet weave for earth to wear
And breathe a fragrance on the air.

What if the stalk of grain should say,
All hunger I cannot allay,
A child new born I could not feed,
Nor keep from starving, one in need,
I'll not be missed in harvest day
Nor when the sheaves are borne away.

Not thus the single heads of grain
Conclude thus useless to remain ;
But each resolves with all the rest,
That it will do its very best.
And so the harvest fields have waved
By which from famine men are saved.

What if the quarried building stone
Should say, I've little strength mine own,
To bear the weight of arch and wall,
Its columns and its turrets tall,
The little weight which I can bear,
The stately building well may spare.

Not thus each building stone will say ;
But, I will bear the weight I may :
Of all the weight each takes its share ;
There's not a single stone to spare ;
And so the building grand will rise
By strength which every stone supplies.

What if God's harvesters declare,
He us from harvest fields can spare;
Or from the temple to His praise,
Of living stones which He shall raise,
That any stone can lose its place,
And yet the building not deface!

Not so God's harvesters when true,
Or workmen doing best they knew;
They each resolve the best they can,
For good of souls, for God and man;
And these are they whose work begun
Will hear at last the words "Well done."

SOWING AND REAPING.

THE farmer reaps in harvest-day
From seed not saved, but thrown away;
From fields though rich, yet if not sown,
Was never yet a harvest grown.
They who in spring-time seed withhold,
Because of drought, or heat, or cold,
For them in summer-time appear
No blade nor stalk, much less the ear.

'Tis he who sows with lavish hand
The seed which he has at command,
In open field, or little nook,
Or corners which some overlook,
And not withholds the precious seed,
Who plenty has in time of need;

To him who sows in early spring
The summer will its harvest bring.

So he who early maketh haste
To cultivate the moral waste,
Or cast abroad in open field
The seed which better harvests yield,
Shall nothing lose, but rather gain,
And gather in abundant grain;
While who withholdeth more than meet,
In harvest begs with naught to eat.

The little nooks where seed is sown,
And corners, if no fields we own,
Will yield their harvest rich and fair,
As open fields where reapers are;
And gleaners, who the sickle wield,
Glean nooks and corners of the field,
And who abroad their seed have cast,
Shall share the harvest at the last.

In sowing seed, what's lost we save,
And best of gain is what we gave;
It's only seed we've stored away
Increaseth not for harvest-day.
Not what we have, but what we give;
What we impart, not we receive;
Not what we shirk, but undertake,
The record of our life will make.

The seed which we cast in the ground,
When harvest comes, again is found;

While what we saved at greatest cost,
In harvest-time we'll count as lost.
God gives us fields in which to sow,
And He will make the harvest grow;
And you're enriched in harvest-day
Not as you saved, but gave away.

THE RISING, NOT THE SETTING SUN.

THE sun behind the speaker's chair
In Independence Hall, when there
The Continental Congress met,
When ship of state was swept by gales
And freedom trembled in the scales,
Seemed just about to rise, or set.

But when brave men, to do who dared,
By vote for freedom had declared,
And freedom had its race begun;
The bells rang out their gladsome peals,
And freedom's chorus now reveals
A rising, not a setting sun.

If sun near yon horizon lies,
The morning and the evening skies
Appear the same to mortal sight.
But in the East 'tis king of day
Which makes itself a shining way,
While in the West it sinks in night.

Beside the fireside altar glows
A sun whose light brings sweet repose,
And rising to a glorious noon;
Or if its light is quenched, and we
No welcome give its light, 'twill be
A setting sun gone out as soon.

Within the room where mourners weep,
Or watchers their lone vigils keep,
A sun shines through the rifted gloom,
Illumes the path e'en to the grave;
While if we cease its light to crave
It sets in darkness of the tomb.

There is a Sun which rose on earth,
Which gave to men a second birth,
Whose rays a summer land beget:
That better sun now shineth bright
To eyes not closed against its light,
And risen once, no more will set.

Look toward the east, and not the west,
Follow the sweet, benign behest
Of rising, not of setting sun.
And go not down in darkening night
But into noon's effulgent light,
And here's eternal day begun.

ANGEL VISITANTS.

GOD'S angels met the patriarch
When on the dusty road,

Not on the mountain height,
Not in the shades of night,
Not by dim vesper light;
They oft'ner meet us in the way
Than in our fixed abode.

They frequent not the quiet nooks
Of luxury and rest,
But where is service done,
Where victories are won,
Or some good work begun;
'Tis here God's angels often come.
By them is service blest.

If you the angels have not met,
Oft' in the common way,
If they come never more
To shop and house and store
Before your task is o'er,
They will not come at evening time,
At quiet close of day.

No angel visits through the week,
Then Sunday none are there,
No angels where you pay,
Then none where you shall pray;
And worship where you may,
No angels come to you except
You meet them first elsewhere.

If you with angels dwell above
They must with you dwell here;

If you do not below
Their kindly office know,
Keep paths where angels go,
With them no converse you will have
In yonder higher sphere.

"THE ANGEL IN THE SUN."

AN angel standing in the sun," — in light
Whose rays effulgent shine divinely bright—
Proclaims a risen, new-born day,
Which scatters shades of night away,
And leaves for men unfurled
Her banner o'er the world;
Ineffable her garments shine,
Arrayed in robes of light divine.

"An angel standing in the sun" — the sun
Which rose on time before the world begun,
And rose anew on that glad morn
When in Judea there was born
Earth's brightest diadem —
The Christ of Bethlehem;
The brightest sun which ever shone,
And with a radiance its own.

The Christ of God — through vast creation wide
A glory which shall evermore abide —
Which glory now encircles round
The head of him whom Christ hath crowned,

Who stands in Jesus' name
To light of life proclaim,
  Which through the world the ages run —
  "An angel standing in the sun."

THE CLOUDS GOD'S CHARIOT.

Psalm civ., 3.

GOD rides upon the clouds,
  Though Him no darkness shrouds
    His coursers fleet;
The winds which sweep afar
Are harnessed to his car,
Like battle steeds of war,
    With winged feet.

Below the clouds is night,
Above with Him is light,
    The noon-day sun;
Here clouds shut out the day,
His coursers seem to stray,
But He knows all the way
    His coursers run.

Beneath are terrors black,
And storms are in the track
  Since clouds arose;
They clash with angry roar,
Obscure the landscape o'er,

Above is evermore
A calm repose.

God's plans run to and fro
Where winds and clouds can go,
Both good and wise;
They compass far and near,
As fully will appear,
When we from cloudy sphere
Above shall rise.

Mysterious His plan,
So far as we can scan,
But He will guide;
He holds the reins in hand,
The clouds will He comman
His ways we'll understand —
The other side.

CONSECRATED LIVING.

GOD calls to thrones and seats of power,
In this the world's propitious hour,
To thrones which for ourselves we make,
In deeds we grandly undertake,
And seats of power, as wrought within,
Where grace subdues our reigning sin.

God calls for heroes — men of might,
Of dauntless courage for the right —

Who at the front will do and dare,
The thickest of the conflict share;
Where duty calls will fearless stand,
And ready are to God's command.

God calls for men who work and pray—
Who make Omnipotence their stay—
Who in mankind their brothers own
And lift them upward towards the throne;
Who from high purpose never swerve
And "greatest" are, in that they serve.

God calls, not just for after death,
But "kingdom come *in earth*," He saith.
The conflict will be fierce and long
Before the final victor's song,
And whole of life in faith and deeds,
Is God's demand for this world's needs.

No soul is saved for its own sake,
But in God's plan to undertake
The coming of the kingdom, when
The Christ shall rule in hearts of men;
Who thus are Christ's and not their own,
Are who go up to highest throne.

COME UP HITHER.

A VOICE of loud and sweet acclaim
Out from the highest heavens came,

"Up hither come," and thou shalt know
Of judgments, which are to and fro,
To compass earth and sea, before
The Christ shall reign forevermore.

"Up hither come," and thou shalt see
That which must surely come to be,
The web of providence unfold,
God's plan and purpose for the world.
And gates of heaven opening wide
For Christ who cometh with His bride.

"Up hither come," from lower plains
Of flesh, and sense, and sordid gains,
To spirit realms, and thou shalt learn
The things of spirit to discern,
Till voice is heard which calls its own
To "come up hither" to His throne.

SKY-LARK SONG.

SKY-LARKS ascending sing,
Not when with drooping wing
They downward fly;
From out these warblers' throats
Proceed their sweetest notes
Ascending high.

Not when they sink, but soar
Our spirits evermore
Divinely sing;

It's as they upward rise
To reach some higher prize,
New songs they bring.

When hope lights up the eye,
There's singing in a sigh
Of sweet release;
And music in a moan,
When faith assures its own
The perfect peace.

When we from sorrow flee,
No more a slave to be
To sense and sin,
Exchange our weights for wings,
Soar toward diviner things,
Our songs begin.

When we go through the gate
To highest soul estate,
To sweet employ,
Each one of all the throng
Brings everlasting song,
In realms of joy.

THE TRUE LIGHT.

THE chariot of the morning
Rolls up the eastern sky,
The hills and vales adorning,

And bidding darkness fly.
None can conceive how drear
The world would then appear,
If no sunshine were here;
But now her banner is unfurled,
And hence a glory gilds the world.

None can conceive the darker night
If better sun sheds not its light;
With darkness everywhere,
A night of deep despair,
No ray of hope were there,
The midnight of the soul, so deep
That not a star its vigils keep;
To all the world were seeming
A dark sepulchral tomb,
Except this sun were beaming
Upon the moral gloom

No darkness like to moral night,
And Christ the Lord is brightest light;
Where deepest darkness lay,
Where Christ arose, the day
Dispelled the night away.
He burst death's bands exultant,
And left the grave unsealed,
And up to Throne triumphant
New Light of Life revealed;
And when the sun and stars decline,
The Sun of Righteousness will shine.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

IT'S the glad Christmas morning; joy to the earth;
We greet it with garlands of music and mirth.
We hail with thanksgiving the festal morn when
Was the advent of peace and good will unto men.
It was then that the gates of the world stood ajar,
And through them there peered bright Bethlehem's star;
Which lighted the cradle from which was unfurled
The banner of blessing to all the lost world.
It was then that the Saviour was born to the race
By a matchless display of the infinite grace.
T'was a wonderful stoop, down from yonder bright skies,
But a stoop which encompassed humanity's rise.
It was out in the lanes and the by-ways of sin
He was seeking to gather the wanderers in.
He went down the steeps of humanity's fall,
Where sorrow and darkness were spread like a pall;
There to light up the vaults and the caverns of woe,
And invite the lost race that they after Him go.

His advent was sung by the angels above,
And earth is still chanting His wonderful love.
Now here in the world, where our Saviour has been,
It is ours to be happy, as freed from our sin;
And as "Merry Christmas" one everywhere hears,
May your "Merry Christmas" last all through the years.

CHRISTMAS. Y. M. C. A.

THE sun in splendor rose
Upon that Christmas morn,
O'er fair Judean plains
When Christ to men was born.
As shepherds watched that night,
They met a glad surprise,
While wond'ring in their hearts
They saw "the Star" arise.

That "Star of Bethlehem,"
The sages saw afar.
And age to age proclaims
This "Bright and Morning Star"—
This star, outshines the stars
Which heavenly courses run,
'Tis light to all the world,
The *uncreated sun.*

It's Christ who is the light,
That shines to darkened minds,

To whom the Christ is born,
The Christmas blessing finds,
A guiding star for youth
Till course of manhood's run,
And o'er the night of death
He is the *rising sun.*

Then bring your *holly* wreaths,
Let them with *ivies* twine,
And crown with evergreen
The matchless birth divine;
Around the cradled child
Come join the angels song,
And praises to the Christ
Let earth and heaven prolong.

THE BRIDGE OF SUNSET.

I GAZED at the bridge of sunset,
At parting of the day,
When shadows through the portal,
Were chasing light away;
And banner of the evening
Which then was there unfurled,
Its redolence and beauty
Flung out upon the world.

A chariot rolled in splendor
Enswathed in ambient flame,
And flung star dust to cloudland
Its going to proclaim;

And in its course new visions
Against the sky unrolled
In richest scintilations,
Of crimson, purple, gold.

Across this bridge is daydawn,
The shadows left behind,
They darken here to midnight,
There only light we find.
This bridge is to the pilgrim
A glory festooned way,
Emerging from the shadows
Into the cloudless day.

Life's evenings have their sunset
Which bridge the way afar,
To realms of endless sunlight
Needless of moon or star;
This bridge has for the ages
By angel feet been trod,
From earth it is the passage
To presence of our God.

If glorious thus the portals,
What must it be inside,
On through such gorgeous pathway
To where the blest abide,
The paradise of promise
Which eye of faith has seen,
Which lies just over yonder,
With sunset bridge between!

MY SHEPHERD.

Psalm Twenty-Third — Translation in verse.

THE LORD AS SHEPHERD.

CONTENT.

REPOSE.

CONTEMPLATION.

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THE DARK VALLEY.

PROVISIONS.

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SUPER-ABOUNDINGS.

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HOME.

MY SHEPHERD.

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

MY SHEPHERD.

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, I know,
And surely no want shall be mine;
He leadeth where still waters flow,
Where I in green pastures recline.

My soul He restores when astray,
And erring He seeks to reclaim,
And into His own perfect way
He leadeth for sake of His name.

Death's valley and shadow to me
Have nothing of dread or of fear,
His rod and His staff they will be
A comfort to me ever near.

For me a rich table He'll spread,
Though enemies pressing me sore;
With oil He anointeth my head,
And maketh my cup to run o'er.

Thy goodness and mercy attend
My path, and they shine on before,
Where never these come to an end,
I'll dwell in God's house evermore.

THE LORD AS SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

"*THE Lord is my Shepherd,*" His flock He'll defend,
He furnishes shelter, on Him they depend;
He giveth His life that the flock be secure,
That He by Himself may their safety assure.

He watches about them to guard against foes;
E'en lambs in His bosom may safely repose,

The sheep in the pastures protects against harms,
He leadeth the sheep, the lambs takes in His arms.

He knoweth His sheep and He calls them by name,
With love and devotion forever the same;
And over the mountains, and out in the cold,
He seeks the lost sheep till safe back in the fold.

When lowlands are parched, and are barren and dry,
To high tablelands where the green pastures lie,
He lureth the sheep, and that none of them stray,
With lamb in His arms for them leadeth the way.

It's thus that for us from the world cold and drear,
To lure us along to a lovelier sphere,
Some lamb of our flock, in the arms of His love,
From lowlands He takes to the highlands above.

My shepherd divine, I will list to Thy call,
To Thy loving arms in submission I fall,
To guard me, and keep me, and shelter me, till
In me Thine eternal love Thou shalt fulfill.

CONTENT.

"I shall not want."

I *SHALL not want*" — whate'er betide
The Lord my shepherd will provide;
My prayer in vain has ne'er been said,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

Young lions lack, and hunger they,
But they who their dear Lord obey,
Who follow Him as shepherd King,
Shall never want for anything.

To him who on the Lord relies,
There is no want but He supplies;
From least of those within His fold
Not any good will He withhold.

Want enters palaces and cot,
Whatever be the earthly lot;
In fairest homes it their abides,
And wan and gaunt frequents firesides.

It gnaws at vitals of the heart,
At no behest will it depart,
It preys on body, spirit, soul,
Which yield to its supreme control.

My shepherd will supply my needs,
'Tis He who e'en the raven feeds.
And He who giveth them their food
Will not from me withhold what's good.

All that I wish I may not share,
Yet all I need will He prepare,
My all in all in Him is found,
Thus I have all things and abound.

"*REPOSE.*"

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

THE Lord is my shepherd," for me will He care,
For me, He will ever green pastures prepare,
When weary and worn, or when tired and oppressed,
He makes me lie down in green pastures to rest,
To keep me and feed me will He undertake,
For rest and refreshment provision will make.

The mountains though rough, and rugged, and drear,
Are shelter and shade when my shepherd is near;
The desert though barren will smile as the rose,
And hills they flow down with a quiet repose;
Though lurid heat smite, and wild wintry blasts sweep,
Green pastures He ever provideth His sheep.

I feed on the word of His promise and grace,
And sweet as the sunshine is smile of His face,

I rest in assurance all good shall be mine,
And never shall want for favor divine;
He'll keep me secure in the arms of His love,
Until I shall feed in green pastures above.

"*CONTEMPLATION.*"

"He leadeth beside the still waters."

NOT where the waters angry roar
And maddened waves break on the shore
I'd linger on the brink;
Not where is noise of rushing tide,
Not by the raging torrent's side;
But where the gentle streamlets glide,
My thirsty soul would drink.

On mountain side, by limpid spring
Which streamlets through the valleys bring,
Here care and tumult cease;
Where streamlets murmur soft and low,
Down hillsides and through meadows go,
And gently the still waters flow,
The soul finds perfect peace.

From noise and tumult of the mind
I'd quiet contemplation find
Beside the waters still;
And He my shepherd leads His own
Beside still waters else unknown,
Which spring from God's eternal throne,
His purpose to fulfill.

"*RESTORATION.*"

"He restoreth my soul."

MY shepherd sought me when astray
I h'd wandered from the fold,
In forest wild and thorny way,
And on the mountain cold.
O'er hill and vale, and rocky steep,
My shepherd sought His wandering sheep.

He found me bleeding, sick and sore,
Where famishing I lay,
And in His loving arms He bore
The sheep which strayed away.
Till by the blood-marked mountain track
He came the lost sheep bringing back.

Estranged from God and lost in sin,
I wandered dark and drear,
Assailed without, beset within,
I found no helper near,
Till held by His divine control
My shepherd He restored my soul.

'Twas He who rescued me when lost,
When wounded came to heal,
Who saved me at such fearful cost
As deeps of love reveal:
My shepherd who doth thus restore
My soul will keep forevermore.

"*GUIDANCE.*"

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

IN "paths of righteousness" I trace
The mysteries of God's rich grace,
The paths which traversed o'er and o'er
Will brighter shine forevermore.

The ways of sin are hard to tread,
By appetite or passion led,
And be to evil thoughts inclined
Is but enslavement of the mind.

Death lurks in every sinful way,
Whate'er its promise, brings dismay,
While paths of righteousness increase
In pleasantness, and end in peace.

But paths of righteousness, as known,
Are by disuse oft overgrown,
Or narrowed down to human view
So that they're found and trod by few.

Lead me into these better ways,
And lead me *in* them all my days,
Which must my highest good assure,
For they see God whose hearts are pure.

Thy paths not mine, I'd have in view,
And all Thy walks and ways pursue,
Thy nature more would I partake
Forevermore "for Thy name's sake."

"*THE DARK VALLEY.*"

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

I AM nearing the valley where shadows o'erfall,
Where the darkness and gloom are oppressive, and fall
O'er the vale which the death-angel claims as his own,
To be trod by each pilgrim, who enters alone.

Yet while now to the valley I'm coming so near,
And though gloomy the way, I no evil will fear,
I will shrink not its danger, I'll dread not its shade,
For my shepherd is there to afford me His aid.

'Tis Thy rod and Thy staff which will comfort me there,
Will support me and keep me, as ever elsewhere;
I will lean on Thy staff, and pass under Thy rod,
Which assures of Thy watchcare whatever paths trod.

I will walk *through* the valley, not *in* it but through,
Not as hasting and anxious the way to pursue,

But as ready and willing when time is at hand
To arise and depart when there comes the command.

Even down in the valley, are prints of His feet,
Who as conqueror went there, the last foe to meet,
And thus opened the way e'en through death's dreary vale,
And who guards the way through whatsoever assail.

"*ABUNDANT PROVISION.*"

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

WHEN e'er the Lord His feast prepares,
And spreads His table wide,
No other feast with this compares,
Or can earth's wealth provide.

He spreads His table everywhere,
E'en in the face of foes,
No turmoil or confusion there
Though earth and hell oppose.

In deserts He prepares a place,
And there abundance grows,
In wilderness, and by his grace
It blossoms as the rose.

For me He spreads His table rare,
And feasts me with His love,
Assurance of what He'll prepare
In feasts of His above.

ANOINTING.

"Thou anointest my head with oil."

THE Lord is my shepherd," and also is *king*,
And to Him as a *priest* all their high praises bring
In the heavens above, where He lives evermore,
Whom in glad adoration they fall down before.

As a child of the highest redeemed by his grace,
And among his blood-purchased ones given a place,
In His kingdom, where though I may be but the least,
I am made unto God as a king and a priest.

He anointeth with oil, thus He honors His own,
And uplifts to a place with himself on the throne,
Like the dew upon Hermon, the perfume is shed,
With the oil of anointing a crown to my head.

The anointing with oil, is refreshment and rest,
The expression of honor receiving a guest;
Then what honor the Lord has conferred upon me,

When He thus condescends that His guest I
should be.

To enliven and purify, strengthen and bless,
'Tis the oil of His grace I have meet to possess,
For both honor and service that which I need
most
Is anointing of Him, the Christ gift, Holy Ghost.

SUPERABOUNDINGS.

"My cup runneth over."

THE mountain o'erflows to the plain,
Sends blessings to pastures below;
The ocean o'erflows in the rain
Which waters the earth to and fro.

The fountain o'erflows in the streams
Refreshing the meadow and lea,
The sun overflows in its beams
To illumine the land and the sea.

The trees in their fruits overflow,
And foliage ample for shade,
And fields in the flowers which grow,
And grain which the harvest o'erlade.

God's gifts are not grudging nor small,
But followed with more and still more,
His blessings increasingly fall
Until my full cup runneth o'er.

Though poor, He my want still supplies,
And gives me a sense of His love,
His storehouse is full in the skies
Unfailing His fountains above.

The sources are up in the sky,
Of blessings which spring from the ground,
And like a well-spring from on high
My cup shall with blessings abound.

UNFAILING SUPPLIES.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

TWIN guardian angels my pathway attend,
To guide me and keep me, from dangers defend,
They're *Goodness*, which we shall abundantly bless,
And *Mercy*, to blot out the sins I confess.
These follow me through all my pilgrimage ways
And never forsake till the end of my days.

If goodness and mercy I everywhere find,
My cares and my ills I can then leave behind;
My hopes may be shattered, and cleave to the dust,
In goodness and mercy serenely I trust;
The "surely," is heaven's seal set to my heart,
That *these*, needed blessings to me shall impart.

They follow, not lead, that I may not presume,
They go not before, but my journey resume
Through changes which seem are my lot everywhere,
And goodness and mercy are sure to be there;
And so I will sing of the angels which come
To attend all the way of my pilgrimage home.

HOME.

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

NOT plenty nor pleasure, is want of my soul,
Not earth with its treasures though I have the whole,
Not places of ease and emolument, where
I may with the highest of earth have a share,
Not that amid palaces here I may roam,
The want of my soul is the dwelling at home.

The house of the Lord is a place ever dear,
For there unto me will His glory appear,
The glory already revealed in His son,
And which He will give every sanctified one,
Where life is let out to its fulness of joy
Its truest fruition, which has no alloy.

A sense of His presence to me giveth rest,
His love in my soul is the sweetest behest,
To sit at His feet and His praises to sing
Is better than dwell in the palace of king,

And better than all that this world can afford
Is dwelling forever in the house of the Lord.

It's my Father's house, and the mansions are there,
Provided for many, and furnished with care,
For all who are cleansed in the Lamb's precious blood
And robes have been washed in the deep crimson flood,
Who come from afar, from the east and the west
Forever to dwell, be not merely a guest.

Here gather all those of the family name,
From sickness and suffering and sorrow they came,
Though nothing of these they bring with them along,
But chanting triumphant and thanksgiving song,
And while all the years of eternity roll
The house of the Lord is the home of the soul.

Some rooms of the house we may enter e'en here,
And graduate thence to the loftier sphere,
So large His estate as the universe wide,
And where is His presence there I may abide;
On earth and in heaven His anthems I'll swell,
Forever in house of the Lord will I dwell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BIRTH OF MUSIC.

WHEN God His rich gift would bestow
On mortals who dwelt here below,
He sent the good angels to bring,
On joyous and rapturous wing,
A cheering and joyous surprise —
The music which gladdens the skies.

When through the wide heavens they flew,
They music distilled as the dew,
And dropped their melodious notes
Down into the plumed warblers' throats;
And thence through the woodland there rang
The songs which the forest birds sang.

They scattered their melodies sweet,
Which mortals catch up and repeat;
Which melodies never depart,
But play upon strings of the heart,

Which vibrate in tones of the voice
To make all within us rejoice.

They swept with the sweep of their wings
The harp with its varied strings;
With psaltery, viol and lyre;
And melodies, such as inspire
The soul when in transport it sings,
Awoke thence to play o'er the strings.

By zephyrs they sent lullabys,
And thunders resounding the skies,
Which softened and blended, resound
In cornet, and trump, the world round,
And thousands of pipes in each clime
Sweet melodies wake through all time.

They floated along on the breeze
Through branches and boughs of the trees,
A plaintive and pensive refrain,
Each leaflet prolonging the strain;
And boughs are pressed down by the breeze
Like organist pressing the keys.

They breath on the fountains and rills,
And rippling of music distils
In gladness through meadow and lea,
Till lost in the roar of the sea —
These all send the chorus along,
Till earth is a harvest of song.

WHAT SUMMER BREEZES SAY.

I WANDERED 'neath the forest trees,
The temple nature made,
Where leafy branches danced and played,
And spread their welcome shade,
Where nature's happy voices tune
Their sweet and joyous lay;
And listened there that I might hear
What Summer breezes say.

They seemed to chant a lul-la-by,
As when I was a child,
When o'er my cradled infancy
An angel stooped and smiled,
And by her lul-la-by caressed,
My troubles soon were o'er;
And now my spirit lulled to rest,
I seemed a child once more.

They seemed to waft the voices sweet
Of loves, of hopes, of fears,
Of joys, and griefs, and friendships dear,
Of all the distant years;
And sweeter still those other notes
Which greet me anywhere,
The plaintive voice of long ago,
That of my mother's prayer.

Upon my head her hand seemed laid
As in my childhood days,
As by her side I used to kneel

And learn of wisdom's ways;
I felt the warm tear on me fall
Like drop of early dew,
And words seemed whispered in my ear,
That I be good and true.

They waft me messages of peace
From those I used to prize
In childhood days, and who have passed
To world beyond the skies;
There seems to float among the trees
The sound of angel's wing,
And footsteps of the angel bands
Which their glad tidings bring.

The rushing wind comes sweeping down,
And boughs rock to and fro,
They sway, and bend, and quake, and break,
As trees are bending low;
And speak of conflict, discord, strife,
Which sometimes seems to reign,
Till maddened winds have spent their strength
And peace has come again.

The summer breezes whisper rest
To spirits worn with grief,
And into hearts where troubles dwell
They waft a sweet relief;
And Oh! the songs I used to hear,
Their echoes wake once more,
I seem to hear them float along
As from far distant shore.

VIOLIN—ITS ORIGIN.

THE song of the birds with their notes full and free,
While rocking and swinging in boughs of the tree,
At morning and evening, and all the day long,
Have freighted the air with melodious song,
'Till soul of the tree has caught up the refrain,
And birds may depart, but their songs still remain.

The music of zephyrs which float on the breeze
Like organist fingers which dance o'er the keys.
And melodies sweet as the whispers of love,
Or music of angels sent down from above,
Will linger with boughs of the tree intertwined,
Till music in heart of the wood is enshrined.

The rustling of leaves from the falling of rain,
And dancing of sunbeams with gorgeous train,
The sweep of the wind with a song in its wings
Through boughs of the tree like a harp with its strings,
And cataract roar like the organ's grand swell,
Come into the wood by their spirit to dwell.

The brook as it glides gaily singing along,
With boughs overhanging to catch up the song.
And voices of bright, happy children at play,
And ringing of bells which are heard far away,

All, all of these notes though far they may roam,
Come back to the heart of the wood for a home.

The heart of the wood, as the years have gone by,
Has treasured these melodies never to die,
Until there is plucked from its wooded retreat
The body and soul of all melodies sweet,
And all of these notes as by magic begin
Again to resound in the *weird violin.*

WINGED FEET.

HEAVILY trample steeds of war,
Which shake the earth with their tread;
Marshaling hosts are heard afar
And fill the nations with dread;
But through the din are, soft and fleet,
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

Ruthlessly crowds surge to and fro
With conflict, tumult and strife;
Merrily others come and go
In all the revels of life;
But here and there we chance to meet
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

They may not be in stately hall
With gilded trappings around;
Nor yet in mansions great and tall
Where wealth and comforts abound;

More oft we find in lane and street
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

Quiet as comes the morning light
Which brings the beautiful day;
Softly as falls the shades of night
Our cares to banish away;
So come sometimes to lone retreat
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

Lightly they climb the garret stair,
Enter the cottager's door
Bringing relief against despair,
Enriching homes of the poor.
Welcome these give, with joy replete;
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

Charity maketh no display;
No sound of trumpet it brings;
Light are its tasks, be what they may,
Burdens to it are as wings;
Heaven and earth conspire to greet
Noiselessly moving winged feet.

MOUNTAIN PATHS OF LIFE.

BY crags and peaks, through sleet and snow,
The pilgrim toils along his way,
The road is rough which he must go,
And yet he maketh no delay;

Up rugged steeps, with dangers rife,
Over the mountain paths of life.

Sometimes he'll reach a quiet glen,
  Shut in from beating wind and rain,
Some little nook find now and then,
  Where quiet shelter he can gain.
But even here he cannot stay,
Must over mountain paths away.

The paths are winding interlaced,
  Sometimes are thickly overgrown,
And not a footprint can be traced,
  Nor guide is there for paths unknown;
But on he struggles, none the less
The mountain paths of life to press.

He climbs the cliffs, and fords the streams,
  Through deep ravines, to dizzy height;
E'en though no cheering prospect gleams,
  And no retreat is there in sight,
He with his journey's end in view,
Must mountain paths of life pursue.

The distant summit he descries,
  Through rifts in overhanging clouds,
With quickened pace his steps he plies,
  Though night shades fall, and mist enshrouds,
And falters not thus vision led,
The mountain paths of life to tread.

Beyond the mountain is his home,
  Which he by eye of faith has seen,

And reaching, he no more will roam,
Though now the mountain lies between;
And over there he's home at last,
When mountain paths of life are past.

CONTENT.

IF you have not the things you like,
Then learn to like the things you have;
Content, you'll never win,
'Tis something born within;
It is not having things you like,
But rather liking things you have.

If what you want you cannot have,
Then do not want it; thus to crave
What you cannot possess,
Thou then than this art less;
Your resources to make life glad,
Are what you have, not wish you had.

If you great means cannot command,
Then use the means you have in hand;
The mite in use to-day,
Than treasures stored away,
Is better for the world's estate,
And better in God's estimate.

True freedom is the mind's consent
With present lot to be content;
Who shares soul liberty

Must in himself be free;
And little with the mind at rest,
Outweighs the world with mind distress'd.

THE ANGEL OF THE STORM.

THE angel of the storm
From out of the sky came down;
I could not see her form,
She seemed to wear a frown:
She clothed herself in cloud
Which wrapped her as a shroud.

She paused in middle air,
And when her chariot stayed,
Terrific thunders there
Poured forth their cannonade,
And mortals quailed with fear,
She pitched her tents so near.

The tempest in her way,
As she went sweeping by,
Bowed forests to its sway
And swept the earth and sky,
And spread abroad a gloom
Like darkness of the tomb.

Her steeds were quick of pace
And soon were out of sight,
And though she hid her face,
Her garments now were bright,

New beauties were unfurled,
New glories gild the world.

There's fragrance on the breeze,
And fields have brighter green,
New songs are in the trees,
New heaven and earth are seen,
And a sweet peace abides,
Now that the storm subsides.

We thought a demon mad
Was riding through the air,
Till now assurance had
Of angel bright and fair,
For now could we espy
An angel had passed by.

SUNSHINE.

THE morning throws open its gates,
And sunshine illumines the world.
To caverns the darkness betakes,
Or into its limbo is hurl'd.

Forth comes to the touch of the light
All good and pure things of the day,
While evil to darkness of night,
From daylight is sleeking away.

There's sunshine sufficient for all,
For homes of the rich and the poor,

For those in the stateliest hall
And those who may dwell on the moor.

There's none but a glory betide,
Who with the glad morning begin
The shutters to throw open wide,
And let the bright sunshine come in.

A sunshine like dawn of the day,
In souls which it floods with its cheer.
Will lift its dark clouds, and away,
Dispel all its darkness and fear.

Be doors and the windows unbarred,
Obstructions be all cleared away,
E'en walls be they battered and scarred,
If chinks let come in more of day.

Live not in dark cellars or tomb,
Companions of darkness and night,
And feasting your soul on the gloom,
Shutting out every ray of the light.

There is such a touch of sunshine,
As makes the pure soul gleam so bright,
It's redolence seems most divine,
The kindling of Heaven's own light.

The soul then illumes as it goes,
And shines in the world like a sun,
It scatters the night of our woes,
And heaven on earth is begun.

FARTHER FROM THEE.

WE sweep along on the railway train
Like a bird which cuts the air,
Our iron-horse darting o'er the plain
Like an arrow flown with care;
But one sad thought ever comes to me —
Each moment bears me away from thee.

How gaily, grandly we glide along
Throughout all the live-long day,
The hum of wheels our chariot song,
As they bear us far away.
But this one thought ever comes to me,
Each moment bears me away from thee.

Our iron-horse, with his breath of fire,
And his neigh you hear afar,
Will snort and prance, but will never tire,
And his tread sets earth ajar.
With lightning speed he now carries me,
But carries farther away from thee.

To him the gates of the setting sun,
Open wide, are ready to swing,
While after him flying chariots come,
Like the birds with golden wing;
To me the vision might gorgeous be,
Were not I carried so far from thee.

Turn back, ye coursers, and speed your flight,
From this land in which I rove;

However much which may here delight,
Not the one is here I love.
Then bring me nearer, and henceforth be
I ever nearer and nearer thee.

UNCOVER THE HEAD.

[In Paris I observed a custom peculiarly significant and impressive. Whenever the dead are borne along the streets, at their approach every man from prince to beggar, uncovers his head; and the lifting of hats by the goers and comers indicates the position of the funeral march, whether it be the rich or the poor who are being carried to their burial. It would seem only suitable respect for the dead, were this custom everywhere to prevail.]

SLOWLY the funeral car
Bears onward the dead,
The pale monarch is here
In the form on the bier,
At whose solemn command
To the unexplored land
A mortal is passing —
Uncover the head.

It may be peasant or prince
That sleeps with the dead.
What if beggar it be?
So it might have been me;
Kindly bid him adieu,
As once others may you,
And while he is passing,
Uncover the head.

It may be stranger or friend,
Or foe who is dead,
To some it's a mother,
Father, sister, or brother,
Or a lover, maybe,
Or some dear one to me;
For sake of whom kindly
Uncover the head.

Slowly the funeral car
Bears onward the dead,
He surrenders his trust;
He returns to the dust—
When death marches so near
That its calling we hear,
Then pause and devoutly
Uncover the head.

THE MOST READ BOOK.

OF all the books the world can boast
The books men scrutinize the most
Is not of art, nor poetry,
Not medicine nor alchemy,
Not science, and not classic lore,
Not romance with its legend store,
Not travels o'er the land or main,
Not logic which will rack the brain,
Not lives of heroes, small or great
On battle-field, in halls of State,

Not law, nor yet theology,
Philosophy, nor history,
These may be spurned without a look,
But all men read the *pocket-book!*

This is the book which most men crave,
Would carry with them to the grave,
Is all the book they learn to read
To comfort in the time of need:
This is their gospel and their law,
From which they consolation draw;
They have no other creed than this
To present or eternal bliss;
No oracle for them divines
But Mammon which this book enshrines;
It is to them the "book divine,"
The "precious treasure, thou art mine."

In pocket-book there may appear
To earth's estate a title clear,
A passport to Elysian fields
Where magic wand some fairy wields,
To heights of bliss and seats of joy,
To happiness without alloy!

It is a book which most men prize;
But who alone on this relies
Will find that minds of men aspire,
And soul has aspirations higher
Than they can apprehend who look
Never beyond the pocket-book.

There they will seek in vain to find
True satisfaction for the mind
When under weight of pain and grief,
A soul from sorrows seeks relief;
For conscience here is found no peace,
From sin and guilt is no release,
And though it lures to latest breath,
No bargain can be made with death.

The pocket-book — who read it well
Will hidden meanings strangely tell,
For these appear if he inclines
To read the words between the lines,
As orphans' tears and widows' moans,
The cries of want, and dying groans,
The tricks of trade, dishonest gain,
With all their evils in their train;

Or otherwise, and this may be,
Between the lines is *charity;*
The generous and noble deed,
Like sowing of immortal seed,
Which lives in every grateful thought,
And is with heavenly fragrance fraught.

The meaning of the pocket-book,
If you just on the surface look,
Is much the same in each and all;
The deeper meaning you recall,
And then appear the light and shade,
And revelations strange are made.

The "marks of trade" these books all bear;
But many pocket-books there are
In which no contents can be found
Beneath the lids in which they're bound
As flat as under weight of lead,
Or 'neath an elephantine tread;
And empty, so that nought intrudes
More than ideas in heads of dudes.

Make not your library one book,
Give this but just one little nook;
Put other volumes on your stand
And have them ready at command,
And learn true manhood is not made
Just of commercial stock in trade,
And you will find man's highest need
Is not just *pocket-books* to read.

STARTING WHAT HE COULD NOT STOP.

AN engine flew at lightning speed,
Of curves and grades it gave no heed;
It swept the town and village by,
And seemed all danger to defy;
It quakes and shrinks, but never tires,
As fed by its internal fires,
And as it darts along its track
No power is there to hold it back.

The engineer had gone apace,
And there climbed up into his place

His little son who'd take a ride,
And pulled the lever in his pride,
Which starts the iron horse at will;
And gaily rode along, until
He back the lever could not drop;
He'd started what he could not stop.

They telegraphed both far and near,
An engine loose, the track to clear;
It thundered on, a thing of power,
Ten, thirty, sixty miles an hour —
The boy turns pale, his hair on end,
His death ride now the fates portend,
Till steam is out and makes a stay
On track some eighty miles away.

That boy though grown to be a man,
Forget that ride, he never can,
And ever since he bears in mind
If he to start should be inclined,
Unless in ways he'd choose to go,
He'd count the cost; has come to know
That better engine in the shop
Than started what he could not stop.

CRADLE SONG.

SWING, birdie, swing,
In the bough of the trees,
There rocked by the breeze,

Swing, birdie, swing;
Sweetly the while ye shall rest
There in your soft little nest.

Swing, birdie, swing,
Yon know naught of care,
While kept safely there —
Swing, birdie, swing;
Soft zephyrs heard where yon lie
Chanting their sweet lullaby.

Swing, birdie, swing,
There in your nest keep,
And rock you to sleep;
Swing, birdie, swing;
He who supplies all our need
Promises birdie to feed.

Swing, baby, swing,
Like birds in their nest,
Where naught doth molest,
Swing, baby, swing;
Over your cradle I'll keep
Vigils for you while you sleep.

THE BOOT-BLACK.

A GENTLEMAN passing along through the street
A little boot-black by the way chanced to meet;

Said he, "Here's a chance, and, if so you incline,
Now come, my good fellow, and give us a shine."

The little boot-black very poorly was clad,
His countenance pallid, so wan and so sad;
But quickly with pack he was down by his man,
And brushes to pull from the pack he began.

Just then came a bigger boot-black by that way,
Told Jimmy, "Sit down," and then pushed him away —
An outrage so great sure the gent could not stand,
And so he at once took the matter in hand.

He told the new comer to "clear out" and to "go,"
And not to outrage such a weak fellow so,
"If bully you must then take one of your size,
Such treatment as this one like you should despise."

"Oh, no," said the fellow, "boss, sir, dat's all right,
It's only for him I do it, honor bright;
In hospital more than a month he has been;
A sorry bad time that poor fellow has seen."

"And now he's that weak for himself he can't
shift,
So we other fellows just give him a lift,
The boys all give up all the change which they
take
On jobs which *he* gets; he has all that we
make."

"Do you really mean of the boys all you say?
They all help along in this kind of a way?"
"Yes, sir; when they ain't got no job, if has
he
They'll help, 'cause he ain't very strong, as you
see."

"But now what per cent of the cash is he
paid?"
"Per cent, sir! I know not what 'tis you have
said."
"I mean of the money which you may receive,
How much to yourself and to him do you
give?"

"Now you bet your life, sir, I never take none,
I ain't no such sneak or that kind of a one;
I'd collar a feller e'en bigger than me
If sneaking it on a sick boy such as he."

"A pretty good fellow are you," the gent said.
As he in the hand of the urchin then laid
A quarter, and bid him that this he invest,
Ten cents to himself, and to Jimmy the rest.

"Can't do it, sir; it's his job." "Jimmy, see there."
He threw him the coin, in a jiff was elsewhere
To look up a job and to let us divine
That other than boots this boot-black has made shine.

If these little Arabs sometimes we thus find
With such a big heart, so unselfish and kind;
Beneath the rough surface if we could but go,
Might not there be found much more good than we know?

WHAT CLAMS TEACH.

SOME things, as a man
We'll do, for we can
But clams, they can do
More than some of you;
You chatter and sup,
But *clams* can *shut up.*

When we hear a man
Haranguing his clan,
Political speech,
Or clergyman preach,
Who after he rose
Found no time to close;
Then those in the pew
Have thought if he knew

As much as clams do,
He'd sooner be through,
Shut up for a spell,
As clams do their shell.

And when all around
Are gossipers found,
To gossip incline,
On gossip who dine,
Whatever there be
Must have it for tea,
By day their delight,
Their solace at night,
Who know more of you
Than you ever knew,
Your secrets can see
And peddle them free;
Of them people say
'Twill be a glad day
When they to clams turn
A lesson to learn,
Put this in their cup,
That "clams can shut up."

Some men always boast
Themselves a great host,
Great deeds have been done
All victories won;
Or if direful woe,
Say "I told you so."
A very great G,
They scarcely can see,

But capital I
At once they espy.
If they undertook
To write in a book
What only they knew,
You could not read through.
Why things have so long
Been all going wrong
Is, it's not agreed
That they be in lead,
But men will declare
That them they can spare,
With clams now to go,
Till they as much know,
They'll seem less as shams
To shut up like clams.

Some license employ
To freedom destroy,
They flaunt their red rag
In place of our flag,
They cry for free speech
To dynamite "preach,"
And always berate
The laws of the state;
Our homes they upheave
And ruin achieve.
To order and peace,
All passions release,
Ideas are a drouth
Though plenty of mouth.
If they here will stay

Our laws must obey,
Else hasten away
Where bombs hold the sway,
And crush everything
Neath dynamite king.
We've use for such gang
Them only to hang.
For them it is well
To keep in their shell,
By day and by night,
Like clams shut up tight.

Your talk will not pay
If nothing to say.
'Tis then you do well
To keep in your shell.
Things said, not unsaid,
To mischief have led.
To ope you begin
Quite sure you'll fall in,
The clam surely knows
No harm if he close
But danger is there
If open he dare—
You ought to know more
Than clams have in store,
Of wisdom or skill
And may if you will,
And wise you will be
If you come to see,
At least now and then
For women and men,

To shut up is well
Like clams in their shell.

"*THE WHISKEY MADE HIM SICK.*"

THERE was a man, of high degree,
Who would a politician be;
To business he was not inclined,
So turned to politics his mind;
But found to this he could not stick,
Because "the whiskey made him sick."

"You must," quoth he, "this much admit,
I have sufficient brains and wit,
Enough at least to calculate
A living at the crib of state.
And not be caught by cunning trick,
If whiskey did not make me sick."

He could withstand the hardest knocks,
Unmoved amid terrific shocks;
Upon the stump could make a speech
Of different minds agree with each;
Among the "boys" was he a "brick,"
Except "the whiskey made him sick."

And so they lost a statesman rare,
Of which not many they can spare,
Who might have served if they would think
To mix not politics with drink;
But now from others they must pick,
Because "the whiskey makes him sick."

TIME'S CHARIOT.

TIME'S chariot, with coursers fleet,
Of winged manes and winged feet,
And lightning flashing in their eyes,
Out from the gates of morning flies.

Old Father, Time, with locks adrift,
And mantle which the breezes lift,
And float like streamers in the air,
Serene, severe, with courage rare,
As not among earth's heroes found,
But only with the gods abound,
He holds the reins, is charioteer,
To through a new made world career.

A wreath of clouds the steeds surround,
On cloud-paved way no footfalls sound,
No rumbling's heard of chariot wheels,
Silently on its way it steals,
And mighty wrecks which fallen lay,
Are but the dust along its way

The grandest works of man on earth,
To which his genius giveth birth,
The works of art, of human skill,
What e'er the mission they fulfill,
The temples which majestic, grand,
Rose as by touch of magic hand,
And monuments which grandly stood,
Of valient deeds of brave and good,
The armies led by heroes brave,

And navies tossed upon the wave,
The cities with their flocks of men,
And tribes and kindreds none can ken,
And thrones upturned and scepters lost,
Behind its wheels are swiftly tossed.

Thus Time flies on at winged pace,
Like some strong giant for the race;
There's nothing can obstruct his track,
He takes e'en railways on his back,
Electric flash by lightning hurled
He trails behind him through the world.

As in his flight his course along,
He leaves the years like castles strong,
Each castle with twelve stately courts,
With thirty columns strong, like forts,
Each column's twice twelve cubits high,
The castle towering toward the sky,
From which there greets our wondering eyes,
Turrets which for each moment rise;
These all will perish at the last,
And crumble down as time flies past.

Along the lines of human thought,
In systems which have come to naught,
The furrows through the nations run,
Since wars and conflicts first begun,
The avenues of grief and woe,
To new-made graves where mourners go,
The wrinkles down the human face,
And writhings of the human race,

We have the course of time portrayed,
For these are grooves which time has made.

Old Father Time, the aged sire,
With swift winged steeds that never tire,
Flings days and weeks and years aside,
And with his mantle spreading wide,
Swoops down to fold in his embrace,
All things pertaining to the race,
And rushes on by night and day,
Nor looks behind him in his way,
As if his piercing eye could see
Through open gates — eternity.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

ON THE DEATH OF A PASTOR.

IN MEMORIAM.

SERVANT of God from yonder height,
Aglow with Heaven's effulgent light,
Where thou hast stood, as years have run
Like angels standing in the sun;
Their coming we could not delay
And angel bands caught thee away.

Thy spirit kindled from above,
Thy deeds were such as born of love,
Thy faith the ways of Promise trod
And held thee fast to throne of God,
Was such as other hearts inspire,
And lifts the souls of others higher.

When bowed in grief around our dead,
When we the marriage vows have said,
Thou hast uplifted us in prayer,
Hast counselled us, of us had care;
Art beckoning now, as here we plod,
To far eternal hills of God.

Thou wast a shepherd of the fold,
And led the flocks to fields untold,
To shady nooks from noontide glare,
By waters still, in pastures rare;
Now up the cliffs hast led the way,
Where greener fields and pasture lay.

Servant of God, thy work is done,
Thy battles fought, thy victories won:
But though in yonder brighter sphere
Thou still art living with us here,
Works thou hast wrought to men belong,
And these will pass all time along.

Fond memories to us remain,
A legacy we glad retain,
Thankful to follow him below
Toward heaven above to which we go,
Where kindred spirits meet once more,
Not lost to us, but gone before.

TO MY MOTHER—EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

DEAR mother, best of gifts from heaven,
Which God to us in you hath given,
We bless thee on this gladsome morn,
For eighty years since you were born,
And bless our Lord here on this day,
That He hath led you all the way,
Through joy and griefs, and loves and fears,
To fill up all these eighty years.

Not oft a course so long is run
Before is reached the setting sun,
And, as you've passed the noontide bright,
Now may your evening time be light.
Our aged sire still by your side
As when you stood his youthful bride,
And like the interlacing vines,
The old-time love still intertwines;
And children bless the nuptial vow,
Which made two hearts as one till now,
And one so long, they one must be
In time and in eternity.

We bless the name, most blessed of earth,
Of her to whom we owe our birth;
The voice to us the first to hear
Which spoke away our every fear,
And lulled us into sweetest rest
As in her arms we were caressed.
The hand which we have felt till now
As clasped in ours and on our brow;
The form which o'er our cradle bent
Like some good angel God had sent,
And by our side when sick and faint,
Surrendering to love's constraint,
Now bent with age, though firm of will,
We bless our God she's with us still.

There's not a child but calls Thee blest,
And prays for everything that's best
To lighten all the weight of years,
Release from sorrow and from tears,

To make your last days brightest, best,
Till God receives you into rest.

Of all your four score years now run,
Heaven and earth will say "Well done,"
You've sown in many a harvest field
And now rich promise may they yield,
In many sheaves of golden grain
To crown your years which yet remain;
And when the angel reapers come,
And there is heard the "harvest home,"
One sheaf, at least, they'll bear away
To harvests of Eternal day.

MISS JESSIE COUTHOUI.

Miss Jessie Couthoui, the young and gifted elocutionist, had a grand birthday reception given by her friends at her home in Englewood, near Chicago, May 29th. Six hundred of her friends from various towns and cities, especially her home and Chicago, gathered and not only attested their appreciation of her in words spoken, but in many elegant and rich birthday presents, and in what the papers represent as one of the grandest receptions ever given in or about Chicago. Among the congratulations sent by those who were unable to be present were several from ladies and gentlemen of national reputation who have admired her gifts and genius. Among the letters received was a poem by Rev. Dr. J. B. Smith, which we copy from the *Chicago Tribune*.

TO MISS JESSIE COUTHOUI.

JUST eighteen years ago to-day,
If we believe what others say.
It was a glad, auspicious morn,

For it was told, "A child is born."
The mother well remembers all,
Though you may not the scene recall;
Yet all traditions since declare
That you must surely have been there.

'Twas then some bright, effulgent star
Shone down from its blue depths afar,
Where then the cradled infant slept,
And evermore its vigils kept,
Till its own spirit interblent
With infant soul which God had sent,
And from that cradle shone afar
A bright and an effulgent "star."

Now eighteen years have passed away,
And star full-orbed shines bright to-day;
Its course still upward we may trace
In beauty, brilliancy and grace,
Where multitudes bow at its shrine,
And own a gift almost divine.
The child of then and now the same,
Who from the cradle stepped to fame;

Whose magic voice the passions thrill,
And holds and sways all hearts at will;
Whose artist-finger sweeps the keys
Of all the soul's deep mysteries —
In characters most manifold
Her genius and her gifts are told;
Not one as chosen from the rest —
In each her gifts appear the best.

God bless thee, Jessie! many say
On this eighteenth auspicious day,
May many years be given you,
With all that's noble, pure and true;
And all your powers may you retain,
And all the wealth of goodness gain;
And may your star more brightly shine,
Enswathed in radiance divine,
And ever in ascendant rise
Till it shall shine beyond the skies.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

JUST fifty years have passed away
Since you each other wed,
How swiftly since that bridal day
The fifty years have sped;
God's providence on you hath shone,
His gracious hand has led,
And ne'er in vain before His throne
You've said, "Our daily bread."

Together struggling up the hill
Of life's uneven way,
With loving hearts you've journeyed till
You've reached this golden day.
You've known the bliss which joy imparts,
Life's raptures and its tears,
And kept within you trusting hearts,
The hope of ripened years.

And yet by "silver threads" entwined
"Among the threads of gold."
And furrows down the cheek you find
That you are growing old.
Your sickle in God's harvest field
Has reaped in precious store,
And seed you've sown will surely yield
Harvests forevermore.

The children who were born to you
Will keep your mem'ry green,
And with affection's garlands true
Would crown you *King* and *Queen.*
And now we cheer you on your way
Another fifty years,
For blessings on you we will pray,
For freedom from all fears.

Just fifty years ago you wed,
Just fifty years to-day,
"*You two are one,*" the preacher said,
And so you've held your way,
The ties of love which bound you then
To-day are golden thread,
And these will never break till when
You're numbered with the dead.

May golden be your walks and ways
Until your journey's done,
May golden be your sunset days,
And golden crown be won;

May good increase with growing years,
Enriched as you grow old,
Till each at heaven's gate appears,
Then walk the streets of gold.

G. A. R. FLAG PRESENTATION TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

HAIL glorious banner! thou flag of the free!
Which floats the proud emblem of our liberty
O'er land of the pilgrims, the best of the earth,
And which to the nation gave freedom its birth.
'Twas here that the banner was early unfurled,
To float on free breezes defiant the world;
Was lifted aloft on that glad natal morn,
When justice and freedom to nation were born;
And floated on high with its stripes and its stars.
In seventy-six, when by red hand of Mars
'Twas born in the struggle for freedom and right,
Till victory waved o'er oppression's dark night,
On red fields of battles, a hundred or more,
Through carnage and blood 'twas baptized o'er and o'er.

Defended by those, who its honor to save,
As planted in homes and in hearts of the brave;
To life and to fortune have added their all,
For freedom and country went forth to its call,
Though carnage and death they must each of them face,
That lessons of freedom might spread through the race.

That flag floats to-day, it is lifted on high,
Before which oppression and tyranny fly;
It rallies brave hearts which are loyal and true,
Who'll aid and defend it, its victories through;
The banner which millions are sworn to defend,
Who'll honor those vows faithful unto the end;
'Twill ne'er be insulted, but sons and their sires
Will leap to avenge it from altars and fires;
Who'll dare "haul it down," it's of him not forgot
What millions repeat: "Shoot him down on the spot."

The flag has been born through the carnage and strife
Of conflict assailing the national life;
The hand that uplifts it though death may assail,

The colors are never in dust left to trail,
But others aloft lift the standard, and so
Again it is borne in the face of the foe.
Sometimes, in the din which fierce battles provoke,
It is lost to the view, being hid in the smoke.
But smoke clears away, and through men who can dare,
Though shattered and torn, the old flag is still there.

And so it was borne, till from war came release,
Which flag has since floated the banner of peace.
These battle blows falling, so heavy and oft,
Have each been but lifting the banner aloft;
Have planted it deeper than ever before
Where higher 'twill wave o'er the land evermore.
With those faithful sons ever loyal and true
To swear by the red, by the white and the blue,
Whose hearts were as brave as were any that beat
Beneath stars and stripes, or a foe went to meet,
Were those by whose favor most worthy of note,
The flag from our temples of learning shall float;
That flag which leads civilization's advance,
And freedom of thought and of soul will enhance,

Proclaiming release from the thraldom of mind,
And blessings of peace and of hope to mankind.

In state and society "knowledge is power,"
And learning and virtue a nation's high tower,
And so from our temples of learning shall be
Flung out to the breezes our flag of the free.
That flag will respect of the nations command,
And yet it protects every home in the land,
Insures every citizen freedom and right
Enforced by the strength of the nation's great might,
And freedom it gathers in every fold,
Of which it gives promise to millions untold.

Again we will wave the proud banner on high,
Where busy throngs haste, and the wild breezes sigh,
From cot of the peasant and temple's high dome,
Wherever a freeman has found him a home,
Which banner shall float o'er the land and the sea,
Be hailed evermore as the flag of the free.

"*WELCOME POEM.*"

Read at the National Division S. of T. of North America, at Buffalo, N. Y.

WESTERN New York swings wide her gates
To welcome guests from other states,

Under our own or British laws
Who make with us a common cause
Against a wily hellish foe
Whose footprints track the world with woe.
Here where the lakes have kissed our shores,
With wealth of commerce at our doors,
Here where grand old Niagara stands,
The mighty wonder of all lands,
Whose deep and grand majestic bass
In nature's orchestra we trace,
Like thunder's peal and ocean's roar,
When storms are breaking on the shore;
Here in this city where we stand,
Among the fairest in the land,
Where men are found of noble parts,
Well-balanced heads and largest hearts,
Men who will stand and never flinch,
Nor rum power give a single inch;
A city where, if rightly named,
The buffaloes have all been tamed —
We welcome here the men of might,
Those who do battle for the right;
The temperance banner keep afloat
In regions near and far remote,
And bring out all their heavy guns
In doing battle for the Sons,
Who curse the alcoholic king
Whose reign blights every lovely thing.

For 'tis this mad'ning drink
Which plunges down the brink
Of ruin and of woe

Where all lost spirits go.
Tis rum that gets us "high";
On this you may rely —
So high that dangling feet
Can't navigate the street.
The rum-fiend gets us "tight",
Then holds us in his might,
As most of those know well
Who in our prisons dwell,
As also many more
Who hug the bar-room floor,
Or tightly hug some post,
And think it is "*mein host*".

Rum sets our house on fire,
Kindles all base desire,
Robs pockets for its pay
And steals the brain away;
Puts demons on the throne
To reign in us alone,
Whose little imps we spy
At windows of the eye,
And with no time to lose
Get snakes into our shoes,
Where all those in its train
Have liquor on the brain;
Among whom is "mein Herr",
Who "mit" his lager beer
A walking barrel goes,
Bung at both eyes and nose;
And those whom *brandy slings*
Upon his back and sings,

"I've got you for a prey,"
Will feast on you some day.
And whisky punches strong,
Punch many more along.

But there's an army true,
Of red and white and blue,
And as they march along,
We catch their notes of song.

Should e'er cold water be forgot,
And we drink rum and wine;
Should e'er cold water be forgot,
The beverage divine?

Should the *my deary* of our choice
Be just *Madeira* wine?
Then in the *deira* you rejoice
Which mocks that soul of thine.

And have we not now *ails* enough
To brewers' *ale* ignore?
And have we not now *pains* enough
To drink *cham paign* no more?

And since we've cobbling had enough,
Let sherry cobblers be;
And if you'll not be handled rough,
No whisky punches see.

For they will punch your coat with holes
And openings at your toes;

And just look out where rum controls,
For bloody eyes and nose.

All hail to the men who our banner on high
Unfurl to the breeze against the blue sky;
That banner which signals to those who are lost
By passion enthralled, or by tempests are tossed,
Enslaved by the demon rum ever enthrones,
And under whose curse humanity groans,
Which signals them hope and deliverance at last
If only our colors are nailed to the mast;
Who carry this banner amid the world's gloom
And thus from its deserts cause gardens to bloom;
Who plant it in homes in which sorrow is found,
Where loves like the angels with thorns have been crowned,
And hearts crucified, of all hopes are bereft
Of all the old day-dreams no shadow is left,
And cause the old joys of the good days of yore
Come back to their hearts and abide evermore;
Who plant it in garrets and hovels of sin,
And cause light and comfort and joy to come in;
From wretchedness, poverty, sorrow and crime,
Uplifting to heights which are grandly sublime;
E'en plant in the gutter where carcasses lay,

And for such a lodging give manhood away;
And forth from the gutter men spring to their feet,
The folds of our banner in gladness to greet;
The banner which over the fallen shall wave
Until not a drunkard remaining to save.
Together we'll join from Dominion and States.
To battle the minions of rum at our gates,
And vie with each other, like foemen of steel,
To strike such fell blows as the demons will feel,
Till heaven shall echo, the welkin shall ring,
No more on the throne is Alcohol king!

THE ISLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

A RE-UNION.

THERE'S an isle we have seen in the bright summer seas,
Which is fanned by the sweet zephyr's wing,
With the fragrance of flowers and the fruitage of trees,
And such music as seraphim sing.

There are harbors where vessels may anchor them fast,
Or may float on the water serene,
But no vessel may enter except at the mast,
There is some flag of truce to be seen.

There no wild wintry blasts, on mad wings of the wind,
In their furious ragings career,
And there no blighting frosts of a winter remind,
For the summer time lasts all the year.

There invisible fingers touch strings of the heart,
And they vibrate with music divine,
To the soul they the truest devotion impart
And to kindliest impulses incline.

There the bond of their union is love's silken chord,
Which, though soft, is yet stronger than steel,
It's a union of hearts of a kindred accord,
Who a kinship of sympathy feel.

There each to all other is faithful and true,
All their joys and their sorrows to share,
There they fellowship each with the other renew,
All their mutual burdens they bear.

It's the island of friendship which we have found,
Which is swept by humanity's tide,
Where no stranger intrudes, but true friendships abound,
Which are sure to forever abide.

It is many a story with which they beguile
One another and love to relate,
Of the people who dwell, and have dwelt in the Isle,
And of all their own friendly estate.

There David and Jonathan lived long ago,
And friendship more true no one ever will know,
The soul of the one to the other was knit;
Two lives which were fashioned each other to fit;
When Jonathan who was the son of a king,
For his armour bearer chose child with the sling,
E'en David; on him the king let his wrath fall,
Though he'd interposed for the life of king Saul,
Then Jonathan sought the king's wrath to control,
For David he loved as he loved his own soul.

When Jonathan was from the battle-field borne,
Then David went mourning as brother would mourn,
And said: "He was pleasant to me to the last
With love such as woman's love never surpassed."

When David was king and Mephibosheth came
A poor worthless cripple, in both his feet lame,
Then David commanded that he should partake

With him at his table for Jonathan's sake;
As kindness to Jonathan's house he would show,
He now on this son will his favors bestow;
And when seven men of Saul's sons must be slain
Because of his oath which must ever remain,
Which kindness to house of each other declared
For Jonathan's sake was Mephibosheth spared.

There Damon and Pythias lived we are told.
In friendship not framed to the usual mould,
When Damon by edict of king was to die,
Would go to his kindred and bid them good-by,
Then Pythias hostage for Damon became,
What he was to suffer to suffer the same,
Should he not return one certain fixed day;
And Pythias prayed that the Gods might delay
His coming; that storms might come sweeping his track,
Or contrary winds be holding him back.
Now Pythias calmly awaited his fate
For time is expiring and Damon is late:
The honor of Damon he seeks to defend,
And glad that his life may yet ramson his friend.

Just then comes a steed as if seeming to fly;
'Tis Damon, who maketh the crowd to stand by,
And Pythias grasps in a loving embrace,

While each for the other would die in his
place;
Which King Dionysius seeing, declared
For friendship like this both their lives should
be spared,
Also he with them would a covenant make,
That into their friendship himself they would
take.

Orestes and Pylades once there abode,
And friends no more true have the earth ever
trode;
For when Iphigeria, priestess divine,
Would offer in sacrifice them at her shrine,
She proffered to one of the two a release
Whichever would carry her message to Greece,
Then each one insists that the other be sent,
And each for the other will die with content;
And while each contends that the other go
free,
The priestess finds one her own brother to be,
And sparing them flees Chersonesus once more,
And hastens with them to their Scythian shore.

Epaminondas and Pelopidas came
To dwell in this Isle, who have passed into
fame,
For friendship which each to the other had
shown
Like two water drops which together have
flown,
On field Mantinea where other braves bled,

Pelopidas fell on the heaps of the dead,
Then Epaminondas resolved he would die
Then, rather than leave there the body to lie,
And wounded and bleeding he fought strong and brave
Till forces arrived to both rescue and save.

There Paul and Virginia awakened to find
Two lives were together becoming entwined,
True children of nature in their solitude,
With no artificial restraints to intrude,
Each share in whatever the other befel,
Like children of Leda dwelling in the same shell.

Virginia was offered position and gold,
But love and devotion are not to be sold,
And back to her home and embrace of her friend,
The winds and the waves she thence bids her attend,
And when she was wrecked off her sea-beaten shore
Then Paul thus bereft he repined evermore,
And after two months he was laid when he died,
There in the church-yard by Virginia's side.

There lived Jedediah and Suzanna his wife,
With friendship that lasted throughout all their life,

True love in their hearts very early was sown,
Which into their lives had with passing years
grown,
Now he was a man with remarkable thrift,
She always was ready to give him a lift.

They climbed up the hill-side of life hand in
hand,
And each for true love could the other com-
mand,
And tottering down on the side of the west,
Their love for each other grew strong in their
breast,
United in life, them death could not divide,
And so down the hill-side they slept side by
side.

There lived young Gustavus and Molly, his
mate,
Whom he used to swing on the old garden
gate,
And when from the war he came wounded and
scarred,
With arms shot away and features all marred,
She said: "If he's only a heart that is whole,
And body sufficient to encase the soul,
By him to the altar I'll gladly be led,
Myself and my portion to him I would wed."

And such was the kinship of feeling we found
Of people who here in this island abound,

The island where seeds of true friendship are sown,
And friendships immortal are nurtured and grown.

SCHOOLS OF THE OLD AND COMING TIME.

OF the Schools of the past, and the future we sing,
And not those of the time which is now on the wing;
Of the present we've learned to take care what we say,
Lest we find us involved in some open affray
With the men and the women of times which we speak,
Who their summary vengeance upon us may wreak.

But the past is gone by; it is buried so deep
That not any will rise from their quiet, long sleep;
And where death with its stillness unceasingly reigns,
There is nothing to fear from their bludgeons or brains.

Else I'd sing of the time that's away, by and by,
Where our fancy can build its air castles on high,

Where is naught to disturb us by night or by day,
And no winds to be blowing our castles away.

Men will writhe when we speak of the sins of to-day,
But applaud when we speak of the sins far away —
We can say what we will of things distant or old;
What is said of to-day must be carefully told.

Thus the schools of to-day, it's not safe as you know
For the Muses to sing, and they will not I trow;
So we now will go back to the goodly old times,
And of these will endeavor to order our rhymes.

And say not that we sing of which nothing we know,
Of the realm where the Muses only may go,
If I say that I lived in that time, I declare
What you cannot deny, because you were not there.

OLD TIME.

The school house in which first I attended a school,

Was constructed of logs, without much use of tool,
With but little of roof, for the chimney was large
As would answer for any volcanic discharge.

Through the cracks of the door any urchin could pass,
While the windows were stocked with not overmuch glass,
And so made as to rattle the boys into school
When the teacher but tapped on them with his rule;
And to ventilate well the full room for them all
There had many a breach to be made in the wall,
Then the benches were made of the hard side of planks
Upon which the boys sat when not playing their pranks.

The location had this to commend it as good,
'Twas conveniently near an extensive birch wood,
For birch was the order of school there maintained
Though the block was in use when no birches remained.
Only these two professors much mark ever made,
But these both left their mark on the boys of all grade;

There was only one *rule* they impressed on us there,
But this rule was the one which applied everywhere,
And that this we might thoroughly each understand,
Had it often engraved on the palm of the hand.
The schoolmaster was then the "high dudgeon" all round,
In his morals austere, in his learning profound.

Of conceit he might have had at least a few grains,
Was the sum of "par excellence" muscle and brains.
He was skilled in the *R's*, all of which he could tell.
He knew Reading and "Riting" and "Rithmatic" well;
He could cypher so far, or quite through, "rule of three,"
And to go beyond this would presumptuous be.

He with all his attainments was yet very meek,
As sustained on two shillings and sixpence a week.
What he taught was according to rules as prescribed,
Not on reason of things but on rules he relied.
For the "whys" and the "wherefores" to rules he could look,

Really needed not brains, only needed the book.
There were forty-four classes he heard through the day,
And kept things in a whirl in a general way,
Between classes his time in the dance he'd employ
With his birch for a bow, for the fiddle a boy.

He supported a *cue* nearly trailing his track,
And the *placard* the *boys* sometimes *pinned* to his back.
He was much venerated wherever he went,
For such prodigies then were supposed to be sent
That the rest of poor mortals might thence understand
How much depth of profundity some may command.

When a teacher was hired the board was thrown in,
And a good place to throw it was not any sin.
Thus the stomach was quite as important as brain,
For they each must be kept on continual strain,
And for durance was there an expedient found,
When from one to another they passed him around,
And they thought him a sage when he entered the gate,

While he *sau-sages* everytime that he ate,
So that their implication might not be designed,
Which at least is suggested to one of our mind,
When he better had wait till their hogs had been killed,
That one breed at a time was enough the same willed.

Such were masters, but mistresses then were not rife,
They so soon a big boy would be taking for life,
By their diligence then would the pupil attain
All the benefit which from such culture we gain,
When a father from his little urchin would know,
When a quarter of school he had left him to go,
What he'd learned, he replied very well, let me see,
Learned to stand on my head without feet 'gainst the tree.

And another reproved for his grammar's abuse,
Replied, "Grammar! and that to a *horse*, what's the use?"
They there learned long ago that "the chief end of man"
Was "*the one with the head*," and deny it who can.

That it was the *sunsetting* which hatched out
the stars,
Which had strayed o'er the heaven when they
left down the bars,
And sometime they became quite perplexed on
the hour
That the *mouth* of the river might ocean devour.

In their grammar they held all the cases some-
how,
The *possessive* is most we are holding to
now.
And the *tenses* they carried in full the way
through,
We commence: "I love, you love," but stop
with the you:
There was many a lesson thus learned in that
age;
From these schools have arisen full many a
sage,
Who are sitting to-day in the high chair of
State,
In the pulpit and forum among the world's
great,
And these schools by the ones they once had
in command,
Are to-day the proud rulers of this favored
land.
And whatever is said of schools which were of
old
Never yet has their fullness of blessings been
told.

COMING TIME.

But we pass from these things of the goodly old time,
And the future survey which is grandly sublime.
With the "coming young man," who'll be nobody's fool,
And the "girl of the future" is also the school,
And of this, we this much at least may declare
'Twill outvie all the past in its excellence rare;
And no longer to learning just simply will train,
But supply the deficit of learning and *brain*;
Where the pupil no longer need study to learn,
What is taught *by machine*, which the teacher will turn.

You may put in a blockhead who not long remains
To invest him in full with both learning and brains.
For why is it that now all the handicraft sort,
Should their labor to save to machinery resort,
And release be thus given the laboring throng,
And still learning be made to go drudging along.

'Tis not thus it will be in the age which we mean,
When the schools introduce the new learning machine.

It's now — those who are blockheads will block-
heads remain,
And the teacher no knowledge can make him
attain.
But no teacher incompetent longer will be
With machine then in use which the next age
will see.
Not to book, then to brain, but to this I'm
inclined,
The machine will do printing direct on the
mind.

Else some reservoir deep whose proportions are
large
Is the teacher himself, or is left in his charge,
Full of wisdom and knowledge, no age could
surpass,
And conducted by pipes just as water or gas;
At the worst one has only to pump his supply
From this fountain which no one will ever
pump dry.
And with learning so easy 'twill reach a high
grade,
And our dear little darlings be prodigies made.
Then the best part of life will no longer be
claimed
To get learning enough for what little remained,
But commencing at two they will graduate when
They have reached to the age of not older than
ten,
And learning with them is acquired with such
ease

They can launch into whatever branches they please.
They no longer need use just the rude Saxon tongue,
Which the vulgar have used both the old and the young,
So their own is ignored, and there's heard through the house,
Only "parlez vous Francaise" or "Nicht kommt eraus" —
While to read and to spell, and the grammar to learn,
To arithmetic and the geography turn,
Would not answer the coming advance of the time,
When the new "highfilutin" puts these far behind.

Then the teacher will be in such confidence found
That the parent will never essay to come round,
To know what they are doing, the school that they keep,
As they would if 'twere keeping but cattle and sheep.
Then the lower grade schools will at length disappear,
We of juvenile novices never more hear.
Then will every school be a college in name,
And our children will leap from the cradle to fame;
At least, thus it will be if our tendencies last

And we judge of the future by present and
past.

But the future's not here, and the past is gone
by,
And we just on the present alone can rely.
Bring not up the dead past, nor the future
bring back,
But keep clear of my song and you're on the
best track,
Or just cling to the present alone, and in time
You'll understand best what is meant by my
rhyme.

FOURTH OF JULY.

SING SING PRISON.

SEE, the flag of our country floats proudly
to-day,
'Tis the day of Columbia; hie it away,
Let it float from the hill-top, from turret and
dome,
From the citadel, workshop, the temple and
home,
O'er every freeman in all of the land
To proclaim that in honor a freeman may stand;
And fling out in defiance against every foe
Who 'gainst freedom and right have dared aim
their fell blow,
And was carried triumphant through blood and
through strife,

Of the carnage of conflict for national life;
Which to freedom secured her a name on the earth
To be exiled no more from the place of its birth.
But the theme is too large to be put into song,
Else my muse would grow weary her notes to prolong,
Thus to sing of the things which our country can boast
In its range from Pacific to Atlantic coast;
Of its lakes, and its rivers, its mountains, and plains,
Of its forests and mineral wealth it contains,
Of its commerce, its railways, its prairies and lands,
Of its churches and schools, and the wealth it commands.

It's not such a great country my muse now relates,
It's *grate* country, as means, it's a country with *grates*;
It's a place which has *bars*, though nothing to drink.
They are iron bars — bars not inviting you think —
Where they're clothed and are fed at the public expense,
And their bills are all paid to the very last pence.
Where are sentinels watching without any charge,

But is paid from the gen'ral exchequer at large,
Where they're furnished with rooms which if wanting in light,
Are not wanting in being remarkably tight.
And if not quite so roomy as we'd have them be,
There's one satisfaction the rent of them's free.
It is not like some places of which we are told
Where they strive by all means some position to hold;
But a place which might suit politicians of late,
For there's here none but who hold an appointment of State.

It's a place where their habits are all very staid,
And where little of deference to fashion is paid.
No concern about rising or falling of stocks,
Or commercial upheavings or financial shocks.
If provisions be high or be ever so low,
It's all the same here howso'er the world go.
Dissipation is here much curtailed of its might,
Where the boys all come home very early at night.
By this time you must each understand the whole thing,
The discourse of my muse is "Hotel de Sing Sing";
Or, with equal propriety, others would say,
It's the *State boarding house*, where they board without pay.

Some suppose to be *free* is release from restraint;
It is such that our muse would be pleased to acquaint,
That restraint is true freedom when made to control,
Any purpose of manhood in body or soul.
As the kite is the freest when held by its string,
Floating gaily 'mid clouds, like the bird on its wing.

And as held to its moorings it rises on high,
Swiftly speeding its way to its home in the sky;
As the vessel is freest which speeding its flight
Over billows and waves with their madness and might,
Held by compass and helm to its course through the storm,
While the rudderless bark is shipwrecked and forlorn;
So are we ever freest when 'mid the world's strife
We are held unto some noble purpose of life.
Not the freest from all of restraint the most free,
There are slaves which are freer than masters may be.
There is many a master with heavier chains
Than the yoke of oppression which slavery maintains.

There's no other such slavery as that of the mind,
Or the slavery of passion to which it's inclined,
You may fetter the body, oppress and deprave,
There is nothing but mind which itself can enslave.
The Apostle has given the saying we need,
Whom the truth shall make free is the free man indeed;
And himself such a freeman, none more so could stand
Than the prisoner at Rome; though with chains on his hand,
While he reasoned of temp'rance and judgment with power,
'Till the Governor trembled as ne'er till that hour.

You may fetter the body with fetters untold,
But there's left us a freedom no fetters can hold;
Such a freedom is found in the palace and cot,
In the dwelling of wealth and in poverty's lot;
In the free, open air, and the dungeon's dark gloom,
Where the prisoner finds no release from his doom.
It's wherever free impulses heave in the breast,
And good feelings and thoughts in the bosom find rest;
Or wherever the truth in its excellent might

In the soul of true manhood controls to the
right.

It is thus, the great country my muse now
relates,
Or, excuse me! I mean this same country with
grates,
Is a place from which feelings and thoughts
may arise,
Just as free as have ever saluted the skies.
He asserts a true manhood who suffers and
bears,
Just as much as the hero who braves and who
dares,
And who uses the ills which he cannot assuage,
Not as masters but servants his good to
presage.
He is free o'er misfortune, its ills and its woes,
And is happy and cheerful wherever he goes.
While the man who looks forward to some
future day,
When he'll fling to the winds all his bondage
away,
Will be likely this service to never begin,
But continue his bondage and die in his sin.

We've not merely to seek for the Heaven on
high,
But be making that Heaven which is now to us
nigh.
We may learn to "be true to each other while
here,"

And be "luring the spirits of loveliness near,"
To be "bringing to us from the home in the sky"
Such of "brightness and beauty" as "never can die,"
We may "cherish the noble, the pure and the true,"
Learn to "hold them as gems that are precious and few."
We may learn in this place, often gloomy and drear,
To speak only "in accents of comfort and cheer,"
And to seek for each other, from Him who's above,
That He smile on each soul with the sunshine of love.
Thus fulfilling our mission o'er all we are free
In this prison as those in a palace may be.

May our country remain as the home of the free,
And for body and soul may that *mean* you or me.
So that when we swing out from these narrower bounds,
And to duty or danger the clarion sounds,
With true freedom of manhood, untrameled with chain,
We adhere to the right and all honor maintain,
To the laws of our country with valor to stand,
And the favor of earth and of Heaven command;

So that when the great day of all reck'ning is
past,
We may share the eternal free Heaven at last.

DECORATION DAY.

GOD'S hosts the Red Sea crossed of old,
And back for them the Jordan roll'd,
And there twelve stones by God's command
A monument were made to stand,
That children's children thus might know
How God of old let Israel go.

So little hillocks everywhere
In this broad land so rich and fair,
Hillocks which mark a hero's sleep,
Whose vigils tearful sorrows keep,
Where rest our brave illustrious dead
For whom no requiem was said,
Shall monuments forever stand
While Freedom's home is in the land,
And tell of seas which opened wide
As Freedom's host advanced betide,
And children's children by each grave
Shall know the price it cost to save
The Union and preserve the States
United from the Gulf to Lakes.

The dark war cloud o'er heaven a pall
Its dreadful thunder bolts let fall,
And struck the nation in amaze,

Set hills and valleys all ablaze,
And our brave men as true as steel
Accepted war, the dread appeal.

When treason armed her sires and sons
And on Fort Sumter opened guns,
They kindled ev'ry patriot's ire
And set the northern hills on fire,
While down the valleys armies tread
With Freedom's banner overhead;
Then on the land and on the flood
Heroic deeds were sealed with blood,
And many sent their record high,
Ready to do, to dare or die.

Our flag was often shattered, riven,
Our men to rebel pens were driven,
Or for that flag we proudly trust
They made their winding sheet the dust;
And through the battles' thickest fight
There failed not men in strength of might
To stand in breach which cannon made
And foe with nerve and steel invade,
But blows of battle, quick and fast,
The foul rebellion crushed at last,
For 'twixt the millstones, Sherman, Grant,
Confederates at length recant,
And under these at length 'twas found
Secession was to powder ground,
And then our flag in triumph waved
Over a nation once more saved.

These battle blows lift it aloft,
And these have fallen fierce and oft,
Until henceforth 'twill higher wave
O'er freeman's home and patriot's grave.
The cannon's roar lull'd on the blast,
And peace had come again at last;
The battle-scarred again came home,
No more 'mid fire and blood to roam,
While some were bleaching on the sand
Who gave up life for native land.

We honor those whose hearts have beat
'Neath stripes and stars of battle's heat,
Who stood 'twixt us and freedom's doom,
And for us faced the cannon's boom,
Whose strokes of battle cleft a way
Through clouds of conflict into day;
And nation now, with ken of seer,
Is seen to start a new career.
And we will honor all its brave
Who nobly fought to country save,
And cherish more than heretofore
Its brave defenders evermore;

Hallow the resting place of braves,
Hold ever sacred soldier's graves,
And thus this day we garlands bring
And deck these graves with flowers of spring,
To tell of spring when winter's o'er,
Death's winter coming nevermore.

He who lives nobly while he's here,
Assures himself a loftier sphere;
His deeds will live when he is gone,
And ages walk the earth along.

'Tis only once an age is given
To strike a blow for fetters riven,
Such blows as felt throughout the earth,
And give anew to freedom birth.
A hundred years were not so well
As once for all to have thus fell,
And in a cause which lives through time
By making life grandly sublime,
When duty calls or deeds require,
In falling lift humanity higher.

We linger round the soldier's grave
And honor all our truly brave
Who sleep to-day beneath the sod,
Sacred to nation, them and God;
And name of father, brother, son
Enrolled beneath our Washington,
The grandest chieftain known to fame;
And Lincoln, trusted, honored name;
Whose lives and deeds, majestic, grand,
Enshrine themselves in ev'ry land
Where freedom-loving sons and sires
Now by these names at altar fires
Ascribe to freedom its new birth,
And final conquest through the earth;
And then with these the heroes brave
Who welcomed glory or the grave,

Ready on battlefield to die
To lift the flag of freedom high.

To follow where the hero leads
And thus to share heroic deeds,
Is better far than just to be,
With no footprints the ages see,
And seeing may take note and say
There has a man once pass'd this way.

The widow who in sorrow weeps,
A hero where the patriot sleeps,
Is better far than live the wife
Of some base coward all through life.
And be a soldier's orphan child,
Than into treason be beguiled,
For till e'en freedom shall expire
And none remain to light her fire
Which on her altar burns to-day,
A nation will her homage pay.

We decorate the honored tomb
With best and brightest flowers that bloom,
Which garlanded with choicest care,
Affection leaves an offering there,
Tokens of love, the truest, best,
For those who here so quiet rest.

For others, too, we garlands weave,
As those who have an empty sleeve,
Or maimed or marred with many a scar,
Which signal valiant deeds in war,

Who left a hand or foot or eye
On distant battle field to lie.
For some their body scarce remained
In which for life to be retained,
Only enough survived such fate
As to the missing parts relate—
To these a nation homage pays,
And at their feet its offerings lays;
And ev'ry scar will earnest plead
A nation's aid in time of need,
For gratitude call evermore
To those who strokes of battle bore.

May we thus honor manhood given
In striking blows that sound through Heaven,
Till out we're mustered by and by,
To grander army join on high,
While feet of freeman lightly tread
Amid the graves of martyr'd dead,
And ever swear by man and God
The soil by foe shall ne'er be trod.

THE END.

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